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How Much and How Soon?

LONG experience has taught Tory newspapers that the surest way to cause trouble for the Labour Movement is to portray it as a disorderly Tuscan horde, rent with dissension, with those behind crying "Forward" and those in front shouting "Back." The latest example of this tactic is the reception of the official T.U.C. report on public ownership. It has been hailed as a victory for men of common sense, like Sir Lincoln Evans and Arthur Deakin, over the doctrinaires whose resolutions triumphed at Margate and Morecambe last year, and whose spokesmen on the Labour Executive wrote much more definite commitments into *Challenge to Britain* than the trade union leaders could stand without protest.

In the context of the noisy disputes of the last year, such conclusions from this "interim report" were inevitable. Last year, at Margate, the T.U.C. passed a resolution on social ownership; the platform only accepted it under protest. It suggested that Congress was imposing an impossible task on the General Council in demanding that, within twelve months, it formulate "proposals for the extension of social ownership to other industries and services." The matter, however, was referred to the Economic Committee, which has now produced a fifty-page report for the Congress which is to convene at Douglas in September. The General Council has not done what it was told to do: in place of specific proposals it has come forward with a catalogue of industries on which decisions must be delayed pending "further consultation" and "more investigation." A majority of the trade unions asked last year for a plan on which the Labour Movement could campaign and the next Labour Government act. In its place they have been given an elaborate analysis on which, some day, such a plan could be based.

Although the T.U.C. has pointedly refrained from endorsing the specific proposals of *Challenge to Britain*, it would be a mistake simply to interpret it as a damaging repudiation of the draft Labour programme. On the contrary, the differences between the two documents are less striking, so far as their analysis is concerned, than their similarities, while in some respects the General Council's report is superior. The Labour Executive had to produce a compromise programme, designed for party debate and public propaganda. The General Council could give its research staff an "academic" directive, meet its minimum obligations with this detailed economic argument, and yet refrain from committing itself to any controversial measures.

So far as the past is concerned, this report makes a sensible review of the nationalised industries and concludes that they have "improved efficiency and aided development . . . the public corporations are succeeding." It adds that there is no reason for "shirking the task of . . . applying the principle of public ownership under present circumstances." Yet right at the outset, its authors introduce the theme that runs all through their report and provides the main argument on which they base their plea for less haste and more consideration—"the size of the job in hand" and the complexity of the industries that might be taken over in the next wave of nationalisation. Only water supply, it seems, is sufficiently straightforward for the trade union leaders to urge public ownership without delay or further study.

All Socialists agree that the case for public ownership must be based as much on the struggle for economic survival as on conceptions of social justice and dislike of monopolies. The next Labour Government must secure a considerable increase in industrial investment—this report suggests a figure of 15 per cent. above the 1952 level in each of five years—and substantially expand our key industries, especially the metal trades, chemicals and agriculture. This cannot be done, as the report all but concedes, without a wide extension of social *ownership*. The report itself is not too sanguine about *control* of investment institutions, the chemical industry, machine tool making, and of firms producing agricultural, mining, electrical and railway equipment. The General Council also concedes that "there is clearly a strong case to be made for the public ownership of agricultural land, as of other basic natural resources," and adds that "practically the

whole range of agricultural distribution is suitable for public ownership." In short, the research staff has provided the Labour Movement with new and useful ammunition to use in the fight for Socialism. The General Council has found technical reasons for not using it. Congress may decide differently.

Concessions to East Germany

The Soviet concessions to East Germany, which follow closely the proposals made a week earlier in the Soviet Note to the Western Powers, are designed to influence the elections in the Federal Republic. From the end of this year East Germany is to pay no more reparations, is to receive back a number of factories taken over by the Russians, and to bear occupation costs only to a sum equivalent to five per cent. of the Democratic Republic's budget. A number of the war prisoners still held in the U.S.S.R. are to be released, and substantial industrial credits are to be provided for the supply of Soviet raw materials to East German industry.

The concessions, however, are also intended to bolster up Herr Grotewohl's shaky regime. They provide the economic backing without which it would be unable to put into effect the "easier" line laid down after the June troubles. The factories to be returned are important ones; together with others already "repatriated," they account for nearly one-third of the output of the Soviet Zone. The credits—485 million roubles, of which more than a quarter are to be freely convertible—are also substantial, and, with the cut in occupation cost payments, they should enable the East Germans to raise both production and the proportion of production devoted to consumer goods.

It is undoubtedly the coincidence of the West German elections with serious internal difficulties in East Germany that has induced the Russians to move so quickly and so far. Yet the size of the concessions suggests that they are not optimistic about the outcome of Four-Power talks on Germany, and that they are settling down to a long haul in company with a consolidated East German regime. This conclusion is underlined by the sharp tone of Mr. Malenkov's speech last Friday. If the West Germans persisted in voting for the Adenauer "militarists and revanchists," they would be choosing, he said, final partition, and setting Germany on the road to war. There is no sign that Moscow is thinking of trying to buy German unity by selling out Herr Grotewohl.

Another Korean Deadlock?

In its attempt to set up the Political Conference on Korea the U.N. Assembly is already being faced with the issues that the Conference ought to decide. The British view, probably supported by most of the delegates, is that Synghman Rhee must not be allowed to shape the Conference, which should aim at a *modus vivendi* in Korea, and have in mind a later general settlement in the Far East. The American view is that the Communists are defeated aggressors and should be arraigned—a view that finds some support in past U.N. declarations and which the U.S. seems impelled to endorse because Mr. Dulles has allowed himself to be blackmailed by Rhee. The Russians declare that Rhee is the real criminal who started the Korean war; delegates are now more inclined to listen to this thesis as the result of Synghman Rhee's present provocations. Vyshinsky's object is to warn nations, like the British, who may in the end accept Rhee's dictatorship, however unwillingly, for the sake of Western unity, that to do so will wreck the conference and the hope of a settlement. Rhee, Mr. Vyshinsky suggests, can and should be controlled. India's inclusion is the fulcrum on which these issues are now balanced.

New Policy in Kenya

Sir Evelyn Baring, apparently in response to optimistic accounts of Mau Mau appeals for surrender terms, has flown back from Mombasa to Nairobi to institute a new policy. An amnesty is now offered to any "terrorists" who surrender, provided they have not committed murder or other atrocities. An extensive campaign with radio, films and leaflets, distributed by air or travelling wagons, is to be conducted in the Reserves to convince the Kikuyu that Mau Mau is defeated and that their economic and social grievances will be remedied when violence ceases. It is too soon to know the effect of this policy. But the Kikuyu have not been murdering or throwing away their lives out of sheer "bloodymindedness." It will take a lot to convince them—or other tribes inside and outside Kenya—that the Government and the vocal group of settlers who have so much influence over it, really intend a new land policy, the end of the colour bar, wages which will buy them enough to eat, and the first steps towards political freedom. The European elected members have now put forward nine principles on which they suggest the future of Kenya should rest. These include Christianity, loyalty to the Commonwealth, private enterprise, security for all races and maintenance of the special rights of the various communities. These are principles that settlers will see no reason to reject. Their enthusiasm, however, is mainly reserved for their less publicised demands for the admission of another 30,000 European settlers and the proposition that responsibility for Kenya must be shifted from Government shoulders to their own. These demands are not likely to appear on the leaflets thrown to Africans.

Helping the Children

There is only £4,000,000 left in the coffers of the United Nations Children's Fund and of that £2,500,000 will be disbursed within the next fortnight as urgent help for mothers and children in impoverished countries. This is another example of how U.N. agencies are hampered by the hand-to-mouth, year-to-year allocations dependent on the whims of governments. Britain cut its contribution to a beggarly £50,000 but, to his credit, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd shamed his colleagues into doubling it. The trouble is that there is no force of public opinion to impress the Government with the need for more generous support for the Children's Fund and U.N. Technical Assistance. People do not know that the United Nations is really in action, fighting world misery and, with slender resources, transforming the lives of millions. It will be a revelation for British televiewers, next Monday, when they see *World Without End,* the film made by Basil Wright and Paul Rotha for the Unesco Film Division. This will be the first important film to have its "general release" on television and not through Wardour Street; and it will reach as big an audience in one night as it might do in a year through the cinemas. And so it should. Wright directed one half of the film in Thailand, and Rotha the other half in Mexico. They show that the problems of Latin America and South-East Asia are the same: that children suffering from a ghastly disease like yaws, for instance, which makes life intolerable for tens of millions, can be changed from cripples into happy, skipping youngsters by a single injection of penicillin—at a cost to the Children's Fund equivalent to one packet of cigarettes.

Coalition in Djakarta

The first policy statement by the Indonesian Cabinet, formed on July 30 after a 50-day political crisis, reflects the new alliance of Nationalism and Marxism. The fourteenth Cabinet since the Republic was proclaimed in August, 1945, and the fifth since sovereignty was transferred in December, 1949, it is composed mainly of the P.N.I. (Nationalist Party) and a number of smaller, newer Parties with a Marxist, usually a pro-Communist background. It is supported by the Communist Party (P.K.I.) and, more important still because it provides a mass following, by the All Indonesian Federation of Trade Unions (S.O.B.S.I.), in which Communists have a controlling influence. The Cabinet promises "stern and speedy measures against terrorist elements" (undefined); "machinery for speedy general elections"; revision of agrarian laws to help farmers as well as town dwellers; revision of Labour Laws and codified legislation on the relations of Labour and Management; a reorganised Civil Service, the elimination of corruption and bureaucracy plus greater autonomous power for the provinces. Priority is given to ending the Netherlands-Indonesian Union, revising the Round Table Conference Agreement and recovering West Irian for the Republic. This programme differs much more in emphasis than principle from those of preceding Governments. But the important questions are whether the P.N.I., which depended on the Nationalist appeal, can now agree on a Left social policy, and whether the Communists are likely to consider the needs of Indonesia, above all of her stability, before political manœuvre.

PERSIA

The Zahedi Coup d'Etat

A Correspondent writes: English people may most easily understand Persian politics if they compare them to those of 16th-century England, when the rival Continental Powers intrigued for control in a country whose people were becoming highly patriotic, whose monarchs, sometimes weak and sometimes strong, were served or led by Ministers who kept power as best they could and lost their heads as traitors when they failed. Perhaps no one in history has scored more triumphs in bed than Mossadeq. For two years he rode the storm by standing as the anti-British champion, and anti-imperialist leader of the Persian people for whom, in effect, he did nothing at all. He is apparently to be tried for the crimes that are committed by every Eastern dictator. His successor is General Zahedi, appointed by the weak and amenable Shah. Because the Shah was edu-

cated at an English public school, Persians assume that the British engineered the coup. The only positive evidence we know of for this charge is that some British and Americans in Baghdad were at least vaguely aware of some coming coup in Teheran. Whether either the British or the Americans would have chosen General Zahedi to replace Mossadeq remains a matter of guesswork.

The General has always represented the feudal landowners, the tribal chieftans, the more obscurantist of the religious leaders and the more violent of the reactionary soldiers. His mind was formed in the days of Reza Shah, the present monarch's father, who created the dynasty by force, and made Zahedi a general and aide-de-camp. During the war, when Britain had occupied Persia, he was the centre of German activity in Southern Persia, and was arrested by Brigadier (then Captain) MacLean, who found, in his room, German weapons, opium, and a highly compromising letter from the German Consul-General in Southern Persia. For the rest of the war he was interned in Palestine. Released in 1945, he took a hand in procuring the exclusion of the Tudeh Ministers from the Qavam Cabinet—a demand which was stimulated by a revolt of tribal chiefs who were friends of Zahedi and of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. In 1949, he was, for a time, Chief of the National Police, and hoped to become Premier, but the job was given to General Rasmara by the Shah, who comforted Zahedi by making him a Senator. He served for a time as Minister of the Interior in Mossadeq's coalition when Anglo-Iranian was nationalised, but was dismissed by Mossadeq, who suspected him of preparing a coup while Stokes and Averell Harriman were attempting to negotiate a settlement. He was widely accused of provoking the riots of July 15, 1951, when a score were killed, and many wounded. Out of office, he became leader of the influential Retired Officers' Association, whose membership increased as Mossadeq purged the army of 200 Right-wing officers who had been sympathetic to the Shah. When the Mossadeq-Kashani alliance broke down, Zahedi negotiated with Kashani, and was shortly afterwards denounced by Mossadeq as the organizer of a foreign-aided plot. For a time he was immune from arrest as a Senator, but when the Senators' term was cut by Mossadeq from six years to two, this immunity ended.

Zahedi was not, in fact, arrested until the end of February, 1953, when Mossadeq believed he had evidence of a renewed Army-Court-Tribal plot. Mossadeq attempted a purge of the army, and made an effort to deprive the Shah of his position as Commander-in-Chief of the army. Brigadier Afshartous, Chief of the Police, a relation of Mossadeq, and prominent in purging the army, was lured into an alley in Teheran, where the Retired Officers' Association was situated, and, according to the police, chloroformed, taken to the hills, tortured, killed and buried there. The Persian police alleged that this outrage was committed by friends of Zahedi; in any case he took refuge in the Majlis building rather than report for questioning. The final incident was the demonstration of July 21, when the Tudeh were reported to have demonstrated to a number of hundred thousand, while the Nationalists had little support. The Shah was said to be convinced that he would have American and British support if he overthrew Mossadeq. He therefore signed a decree appointing Zahedi Premier in his place. When Mossadeq did not comply with his orders, the Shah fled the country, leaving the dirty work in General Zahedi's hands. There were none more suitable in Persia.

The Shah was justified in expecting financial aid from America. Whether the coup will lead to an oil deal with Britain remains to be seen; Persian nationalism was not created by Mossadeq.

NIGERIA

Mixed Blessing

A Correspondent writes: Nigerian delegates went home this week after a conference which can claim a reasonable measure of achievement. If the Action Group proves willing to accept the "federal neutrality" of the mainly Yoruba city of Lagos, which is by no means certain yet, then there is no reason why this modified Constitution should not go on working for several years more. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, who presided over the Conference with tact and restraint, has done as well in Nigeria as he has done ill elsewhere in British Africa. Given the traditional British policy in West Africa of founding politics on trade, and the needs of trade, this is perhaps less surprising than it might seem at first sight: in recognising that the economic interests of Britain in West Africa rest on a political settlement generally acceptable to Africans, Mr. Lyttelton has done what his predecessors in the years between the wars had forgotten how to do.

The Conference nearly ended in shipwreck. It was saved at the last minute by a decision to alter the method of sending members to the central House of Representatives. These members have been nominees of the ruling parties in the three regional Assemblies—the N.C.N.C. in the East, the Action Group in the West, and the Northern Peoples Congress in the North. Their method of selection has made it impossible for the central House to play its intended part; and for the same reason the central Government has failed of effective unity. The House of Representatives is now to consist of members directly elected to it from constituencies now to be formed throughout Nigeria, and by electoral methods now to be determined. Two commissions will discuss these difficult matters and make recommendations: already it is clear that the Northern Peoples Congress may be ready to abandon some of the rather absurd anomalies which were written into the electoral law that was operative at the 1951 general election.

Direct election to the centre is certainly a step forward. It should greatly strengthen the parliamentary solidity of the House of Representatives and the executive powers of the central Government. But the Conference seems to have taken away with one hand what it gives with the other. Although the centre will be strengthened in this respect, it will be greatly and perhaps fatally weakened by the decision to transfer residual powers from the centre to the regions. Hitherto, effectively, the regions have legislated by consent of the centre: now the tables are turned, and the centre will legislate by consent of the regions. This, it should be remarked, is very much a Nigerian decision—primarily of Mr. Awolowo for the Action Group and the Sardauna of Sokoto for the Northern Peoples Congress—although it is no doubt welcome to the British Government. It is the price that is paid for holding Nigeria together as an administrative unity; but in terms of the future of Nigeria, as against the future of the three regions of that country, it is a heavy price. With the best brains engaged in regional affairs and regional politics, who will be left to bother with the centre? Regional self-government, too, is bound to be costly both in money and in personnel: can Nigeria at this stage find enough trained men to operate regional services as well as a federal service? The answers to these and other somewhat anxious questions will be provided over the next year or so: meanwhile, it is promised by the British Government that those regions which desire self-government may obtain it after 1956, and this formula would appear, at least for the time being, to have satisfied nationalist aspirations.

Prudery and Pruriency

"Sex," says Mr. Iddon of the *Daily Mail* in a moment of flashing insight into the nature of the Kinsey Report, "has come to stay." Nor is there anything new in the discovery that sex stories, even when not conveniently linked to crime, make most suitable reading, especially Sunday reading, for the British public. Scientific or not, the Kinsey report on *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female* (we learnt all about the Human Male last time) offered a first-class opportunity to the newspapers. Correspondents were sent all the way to Bloomington, Indiana, to get advance interviews with the Professor of Biology whose academic researches had made sex polite drawing-room conversation. They obtained a pre-view of Kinsey's book on the undertaking not to release details until publication date. This did not prevent them from letting their readers have a leer at the book, nor the *People* from scooping the lot by giving the choicest details in advance.

Since the American publication date (the press has still the British edition to look forward to) the treatment of what the *Sunday Pictorial* called "Kinsey's biggest bombshell" has been highly instructive. For in England, as in America, there is still the remnant of a Puritan inhibition about sex. As in "petting," about which Dr. Kinsey is so informative, most women (and men) still prefer to go only half-way, diminishing the sense of guilt, with at least a fig-leaf (or a Bikini) of propriety. The problem for the press is simultaneously to satisfy prudery and pruriency.

The *Sunday Pictorial* which (with its sister, the *Daily Mirror*) has perhaps the least inhibitions among our popular newspapers, sent its new editor to Indiana to "get the facts from Kinsey himself"—though it would surely have been cheaper to pay eight dollars for one of the quarter million copies available in the United States. As a result, Kinsey provided Fetter Lane with a series of sensational issues, front page headlines, two double-page spreads and excellent pictures of petting. A home slant was found by raising the question whether the same exciting events occur to English girls in British youth clubs. Even the *Sunday Pictorial*, however, included, as a fig leaf, a comment by Canon Hugh Warner, who concluded that Kinsey's "monumental work of research is, in fact, a convincing scientific demonstration that Christian moral standards are the guarantee of a child's security in a happy home and are also the bulwark of marriage itself."

Other Sunday papers were not far behind. The *Sunday Dispatch*, for instance, claimed the merit of having its account approved by Kinsey himself. The *People*, boasting of its previous week's scoop over newspapers hampered by the embargo, claimed that Kinsey was wide of the mark because his findings were based on

"guinea-pigs" who do not represent the average American woman. It held that British women are much more moral, more conventional and more faithful. This satisfactory conclusion was said to be based on a "pilot survey" among over 1,000 women in this country, carried out by the newspaper at short notice to disprove Kinsey's years of investigation. It was not thought necessary to bring this disclosure of greater virtue into conformity with its headline "British Wives Say Report Isn't So Far Wrong."

The daily papers found their individual solutions. The *Daily Herald*, for instance, gave the Kinsey Report three days of lavish display but wisely passed the task of analysis to its medical correspondent. This justified the publication of interesting clinical details. The *News Chronicle* was obviously in a quandary. It dared not offend a large body of Nonconformists who do not approve of sex at the breakfast-table. Yet it could not ignore its competitors. An escape from the dilemma was found. The subject was dealt with by a clergyman, Dr. Leslie Westherhead, whose sensible and enlightened article accepted the book as a serious contribution to a topic which the churches too often evade.

So far, only the *Daily Express*, among the popular papers, has wholly resisted temptation. Its monster circulation has never depended on sex; faithful to the tradition of Lord Beaverbrook's Presbyterian origins, it has here maintained those scruples which in other matters it has often found it so easy to ignore. But there are more ways than one of cashing in on the Kinsey Report. It denounced it in set terms; it would not "publish a word of the stuff." As for the Editor of the *Sunday Express* he was so moved to indignation by the obliquity of his colleagues that he personally signed an article headed "Our Sex-Sodden Newspapers: It is time to speak out against this degradation." Attacking "brothel journalism" and the newspapers which "wallowed in the cess-pool of sex," he called upon "the church leaders, the national leaders, our powerful women's organisations, indeed everyone concerned with the moral standards of the country, to go after them publicly, pillory them, shame them, make social lepers of them until they realise the horror and iniquity of what they are doing and come humbly to the stool of repentance."

Thus, in a moment, Mr. John Gordon stepped into the long-abandoned shoes of James Douglas, whose name has gone down to history as the man who exploited sex by persuading Sir William Joynson Hicks to suppress that dreariest of noble novels, *The Well of Loneliness*. Like Mr. James Douglas, who would have rather seen his daughter dead at his feet than imbibe that poison, so Mr. John Gordon, with crusading lance, rushed to the rescue of British womanhood faced with worse than death by the salacity of the *Express's* contemporaries.

For ourselves, we doubt whether this crusade will be more or less successful than others in the Beaverbrook press. Empire Free Trade remains a lost cause; the crusader on the front page of the *Daily Express* is still in chains. We doubt if Mr. Gordon will shame Mr. Hugh Cudlipp into dropping "cheese-cake" from the *Daily Mirror* or *Sunday Pictorial*; nor do we expect to see any diminution in the sales of *Express* newspapers.

The Shape of the Table

THIS is probably the first international conference in history to have devoted so much profound thought to an item of furniture. The item is a table, and it is a rare orator that does not refer to its shape. The United States insists on that rare specimen, a two-sided table. The British and the French want it round. The Canadians, who have produced most of the statesmanship seen thus far at this session, say they do not care if the table is round, square or polygonal, provided it is suitable for a conference. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold, who seems destined for trouble with the American nationalists, recommends a table "without any sides." And so involved have become the semantics of this discussion that one correspondent, in all seriousness, suggested a "round table with three sides."

The shape of the table is important. It is a guide to the political philosophy and hopes of each nation. The United States sees no hope of a satisfactory settlement at the forthcoming political conference. It does not wish this conference to drag on for months and years, and, above all, it does not wish it to lead to a discussion of far more portentous issues than the fate of Korea. It agrees with the North Korean General Nam Il that there should be only two sides. "Let the two hostile camps meet across a table," Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., says in effect, "and let them hammer the Korean settlement out—if they can do so within ninety days." America's allies find this notion alarming. They see the Korean talks as the first step towards an easing of world, or at least Asian, tensions. They think that an agreement with the Communists is not impossible, and they at least want to make a good try at it. They also feel that the question of China's position cannot be put off much longer.

In his first major statement of the British position Mr. Selwyn Lloyd underlined Europe's uneasiness: "We do not wish the conference as a kind of political Panmunjom. . . . Whatever may be said about the shape of the table, in fact this will be a conference in the true sense of the word —a peace conference at which many voices will be heard." Like most of the Europeans, the British have no fear of talks that might last more than ninety days; they do not see the Communists as a defeated side, to which ultimatums can usefully be presented; and they are quite ready to discuss the problem of China's position in post-war Asia—once the Communists show a willingness to compromise on the question of Korea. With their mind on Indo-China, the French agree with the British.

Out of the difference of views on the shape of the table spring many anxieties. The current session of the Assembly was expected to be a forum at which the new governments in Moscow and Washington would display their new policies and political philosophies. Press veterans who have covered these sessions for years do detect a new and a more conciliatory note. But if there is one it is barely perceptible. Some of the vitriol is gone, but the positions remain unyielding. Mr. Lodge clearly reflects Washington's continued belief that no agreement with Moscow is likely. And Mr. Vyshinsky, in turn caustic and idyllic, continues to contrast the "interventionists" (which in Russian has a much nastier connotation than in English) who "plunged Korea into war" with the Russians who have consistently championed peace and never, No, Never, have supplied any arms to North Korea, save those left behind in 1948 by the withdrawing Soviet troops.

But what most worries the Western delegates here is the shape of the new American policy. There is as much puzzlement here as fascination. The delegates buttonhole the American correspondents, and wait for clues in Mr. Lodge's statements and in his stern tones. Will the United States sit tight in its bastions, and ignore the views and counsels of its allies? Is it true that Washington's "don't-give-them-an-inch" stand was formulated by Secretary Dulles and Mr. Lodge on the trans-Pacific flight from Seoul? Who is making the American policy—Secretary Dulles, who has chosen this moment to go off on a vacation; Mr. Lodge, who is perhaps somewhat less than a statesman; or is it Admiral Radford, the new Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff? In fact, one sometimes suspects that no American quite fascinates the U.N. delegates so much as this naval exponent of "treat-them-rough" policy in Asia.

"What *is* the American foreign policy?" asks a delegate from a neutral corner in Europe. "Does it seek a perpetuation of the 'cold war,' or does it aim at some sort of a world-wide settlement, beginning with Asia? Does Washington think it can talk to the Chinese or the North Koreans as if they had been beaten in combat? Will it ignore Europe's growing eagerness to work out some sort of a *modus vivendi* with the Communists? One of our problems is that we are no longer sure of what the American policy is. We have a feeling it is made haphazardly, on a day-to-day basis. This is one reason why we now hesitate to follow American leadership. We don't know where it will lead us."

Not surprisingly, perhaps the most notable feature of this session is the appearance of fissures in the Western front. The fissures are not wide, but they are there all the same, and, with a beaver's persistence, Vyshinsky keeps searching for them, and trying to broaden them. The shape of the table to be used at the political conference is not the only object of difference. There are a dozen of them, and none of them is perhaps as troublesome as the question of Syngman Rhee and his seeming capacity to influence American foreign policy.

This capacity may only be a myth, but it is widely believed here that the United States' refusal to have India at the political conference has been dictated by Rhee. The lobby word is that he had warned Dulles that if India is invited to attend, South Korea will walk out. There is another report making the rounds here that is probably even better substantiated. Right after the Korean truce, Japan's Foreign Minister, Katsuo Okazaki, told the Diet, Japan wished to have a voice at the political conference. Later, Mr. Okazaki modified his position somewhat by suggesting that Japan would be content to have its views reflected. On Mr. Dulles' return from Seoul the Japanese Ambassador in Washington called at the State Department, presumably to discuss Japan's participation in the conference. A reliable source here tells me the Ambassador was given to understand that Mr. Rhee was just as opposed to Japan as he was to India, and that therefore there could be no possibility at the moment of having Japan at the conference—in body or even in spirit. Mr. Rhee had thus been seemingly able to veto the participation in the conference of the two greatest non-Communist countries in Asia.

Most of the Western delegates here look to the forthcoming political conference with disquiet. Will Rhee be able to bar any settlement unacceptable to him? Are the United Nations committed to support him in the "liberation march" he

promises almost daily? Is there any physical possibility of establishing his rule over all of Korea, and is he the champion of freedom and democracy that he claims to be? One Western diplomat told me flatly he believed the presence of Rhee's army on the Yalu would provide a source of constant and dangerous international friction, for Rhee, the advocate of a "Greater Korea," would never be content to sit on the Yalu passively.

And perhaps equally dangerous is the possibility that in pressing Rhee's case, the United States is slowly isolating itself from its allies. The first week of the session has witnessed an anxious effort to smooth over the fissures, to make concessions to the United States, to pretend that the strains are not serious. But the patches will not remove the fissures. And, to some observers, the real danger is still ahead, when the political conference and the coming eighth session of the Assembly will add to the stresses of the anti-Communist alliance.

But if one looks for the one dramatic issue that has made this session memorable, it will, beyond any doubt, be the American snub to India. If the support of Rhee has produced something akin to anger, this one has generated puzzlement and consternation. "Why has Washington done it?" has become the favourite question in the U.N. corridors. The answers vary from the suggestion that India is too pro-Communist to be trusted at a conference table ("Let the Reds invite India!") to the intimation that the United States had gone so far in its pursuit of the Cold War that it could not tolerate the presence of a moderating influence at the political conference.

The Indians themselves have borne this affront with a silent dignity, and perhaps nothing at this session has symbolised this better than Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, the Indian delegate, with his dark and brooding face of a poet and thinker. It was Menon who drafted the original resolution which brought about the truce in Korea, and it is Menon's India which has undertaken the messy and ungrateful job of repatriating the balky prisoners of war. As one of the major Asian powers, India could well demand a seat at the conference. But there is an obvious reluctance to press the issue, and apart from some discreet lobbying, the Indian delegation has made no move.

Privately, however, the Indians are known to be bitter. They feel the snub is both unexpected and undeserved. It is certain that the hurt to pride will endure, and colour India's view of the United States for a long time to come. "We used to look on the United States," a prominent Indian told me, "as an anti-imperialist power. To-day, along with most of Asia, we see it as a bumptious and bellicose country, convinced it can buy the friendship and allegiance of other nations. And yet, at the same time, the United States insists on a recognition of its disinterest and good intentions."

Why is the United States opposed to India's participation in the conference? The Indians think the answer is compounded of many things. "The United States has made heavy commitments to Rhee, who doesn't want us at the table. The Americans themselves want no war, and no peace, and certainly they don't want a voice of reasonableness at the political conference. The Americans believe that in any major war, India will either be a neutral or an enemy. As a matter of fact, we do want to be neutral. We believe neither in a preventive war nor a preventive fear. Unlike the Americans, for instance, we are not afraid of Communism in Indo-China; we are more afraid of the war there. What India wants is peace and stability, and what it offers at the political conference is reasonableness."

India's position may be wise or not, but to most Western diplomats here the American position on India is distinctly unwise. As I write this, India's chances of winning a seat at the conference table look slim. The West is already possessed of too many strains to add to them the stress of a drag-out fight over India's nomination. But the opposition to India will not enhance America's prestige in Asia, and the Communists can be depended on to make the most of this opportunity. Like China, India is an overwhelming geographic reality in Asia; neither can be ignored, nor banished, as if it were a ghost. If there is any agreement at this discordant meeting, it is that all the decisions and moves made are short-term, unlikely to survive the season. Rhee would have to be reduced to his proper size; India and Japan recognized as major Powers; and a genuine effort made to discuss and meet the problem of an Asia all but dominated by China.

MARK GAYN

New York.

Moroccan Crisis

MOROCCO is controlled by a clique of powerful French settlers, owners of huge estates, mining, and recently industrial, enterprises. These people have an intensely active "lobby," American style, in Paris. They have made and displaced High Commissioners at will. Their chief executive has been for the last seven years General Juin, recently made a Marshal, himself born in North Africa; their policy has always been ruthless and based on racial prejudice. Juin was nominated High Commissioner in Morocco in 1947 at the time when French politics, under American influence, swerved to the Right. He remained there till he was sent to N.A.T.O.

Juin, who is highly ambitious and is looked upon by various circles of the French Right as being a possible "strong man" in an emergency (as they used to look upon De Gaulle till the collapse of his party), considered his one task was to fight the Sultan, believing the Sultan was the main obstacle to complete domination by the settlers in North Africa. Possibly also he feared the Sultan might be difficult to handle, if Moroccan troops were needed to "restore order" in France. To this purpose he "built," with the help of the French capitalist press, which is strongly influenced by the settlers' lobby, the Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui, a very aged tribal chieftain with the worst possible of bad reputations, into a kind of publicity figure as a "great Lord of the Atlas," "a noble friend of France" and so on. The French also fostered the ancient rivalry between Sultan and Pasha; the Glaoui was permitted to attack the Sultan publicly. This culminated in December, 1951, in Juin's attempt to depose the Sultan, which was only stopped by the pressure of international and French opinion.

The new High Commissioner, General Guillaume, was nominated not quite a year ago, and tried at first to apply a more liberal policy. He was quickly at loggerheads with a large part of his administration, which is closely linked with the big settlers and remains in touch with its ex-boss, Juin. In December, 1952, the burly prefect of Casablanca, one of Juin's trusted agents, was faced by a protest strike against the murder of the Tunis labour leader, Hached; the upshot was a slaughter of Moroccan workers. Guillaume's "weakness" was held responsible for the "riots." The High Commissioner understood he must fall in line with Juin—or resign. Since then he has adopted entirely Juin's policy, visits Juin each time he comes to France. Last week a member of the Government asked him: "Whom do you obey: the Government, or Marshal Juin?"

Since January last, it looked as if the settlers and Juin wanted a quick showdown with the Sultan—and were going to get it. There were many signs in Morocco, and even in France, of their growing confidence. A few months ago, when Juin was admitted to the Académie Française, an ancient and respected body of which he is as worthy as any Blimp, he invited the Glaoui to the reception ceremony, hailed him in his speech, and bitterly attacked his fellow-Academician, the distinguished Catholic writer Francois Mauriac, for coming out in defence of the Moroccan people. For a time, however, French moderate opinion managed to prevent anything drastic being done, while the Ministry of Foreign Affairs feared international complications. This summer, with French and international opinion off guard and a reactionary government in power, was the time to act.

A small group of two other pashas, out of twenty, and ten caids out of a few hundred (these are provincial and tribal Moslem authorities) had been gathered round the Glaoui, and some three hundred puppets of little importance (local councillors nominated by the French) had been forced by bribery or threats to join the Glaoui, to make the thing look more important. It was called the "Marrakesh Committee," and alleged by French newspapers and by the State-controlled French press agency and broadcasting, to represent "true Moroccan opinion." Finally the "Committee" was allowed to "deprive" the Sultan of his religious powers (which they had about as much right to do as I, a Roman Catholic, to choose a new Pope), and to "elect" a new religious leader, a member of the Sultan's family, known for his simple-mindedness and obedience to the French, Mohammed ben Arafa. Then the "Glaoui's supporters," small mercenary militias enjoying full protection by the French administration, started to march against the Sultan's capital, Rabat, while the French troops, complete with tanks and armoured cars, prevented any reaction by the panic-stricken population; all actual or potential leaders have been put in jail in the last months. The French forces surrounded the Sultan's palace to stop any attempt to escape. General Guillaume "consulted" the Paris Government—and consulted Juin. The Government orders seem to have been vague—or rather ambiguous. On Thursday, August 20, on account of the "pressure of the Glaoui's partisans" and "to prevent civil war," Guillaume deported the Sultan by air to Corsica, breaking the 1912 Treaty which pledges France to support and protect the Sultan. The next day, the High Commissioner had the puppet Vizirs (Ministers) approve of the puppet Imam as the new Sultan, and induced a number of religious authorities or "ulemas" to endorse him.

The whole thing compares in technique with the best Eastern European examples, in Hitler's time and now. The popular and the legal basis of the *coup d'état* are even smaller. Premier Laniel told an irate delegation of French Socialist M.P.s, while the process was well under way: "*I can't help it, it's another of Juin's tricks.*" Real reason: the North African settlers' lobby in Paris controls the votes of some forty (at least) Members of Parliament, settlers themselves, or owners of North African businesses, or obedient Natives "elected" in sham elections. It can undo any Right-wing government that doesn't follow its orders nicely.

Paris. CLAUDE BOURDET

Salzburg Diary

"WHAT are *you* doing in Salzburg?" said the English music critic, with what I felt was a rather supercilious surprise. It was the interval in *Figaro*, and we had been jostled together in the indoor riding school which serves as a foyer to the Festival Opera House. Over our heads, the vast fresco which gaily portrays more than lifesize Turks being decapitated by Roman horsemen, and in our hands sausage and a glass of local champagne. I had no chance to reply because the critic was swept away by the crowd and disappeared next day to Bayreuth on his way to Edinburgh. I should like to have told him that Salzburg has become the secular equivalent of a medieval pilgrimage. Of course, its public includes connoisseurs, bogus as well as genuine, who do the rounds tasting the year's festival novelties as though they were vintage clarets. But most of the audience here seems to consist of quite ordinary people (Germans, French and Scandinavians preponderating) who have paid a lot more than they can easily afford for tickets and hotel rooms. Why have we chosen this instead of a normal holiday? Because we have discovered that there is an extra pleasure in travel if you have a destination. The Festival-goer first has the fun of choosing his route and getting to Salzburg. When he arrives, he may not savour all the fine points of the performances—he may even be a little sleepy towards the end of Furtwängler's *Don Giovanni*—but he appreciates enough to realise that he has heard it played better and in more exquisite surroundings than anywhere else in the world. And that is good enough for ordinary mortals.

* * *

"To journey unhurried in fine weather and in fine country and to have something pleasant to look forward to at my goal, that is of all ways of life the one that suits me best." I found this in the new Penguin of Rousseau's *Confessions* the other day, and it fitted my journey to Salzburg very nicely. We crossed to the Hook and drove through Holland to the Rhine, then down the autobahn to Darmstadt. There we struck across country towards Würzburg. Scarcely a town we passed was without its *Festspiel*. Festivals are big business today, and every Burgomaster worth his salt has collected a subsidy from his local hotel-keepers, from his Provincial Government, and, if he is lucky, from the Central Government as well. Some miles out of Darmstadt, we sighted a fantastic castle perched on a lonely hill top and decided to picnic there. German side roads are unsurfaced and it was very rough going across the empty plain and through the pine woods up to the ridge behind the castle. But we just made it, shooed the geese away in the precipitous village street, and walked up through the double walls to the tower we had seen from ten miles away—no need of a picnic! Inside the courtyard was the inevitable *Wirtschaft* with its solid three-course meal and open wine, and on each table a neat brochure proclaiming that the *Feste Otzberg* would hold its first festival next week, with two symphony concerts, *As You Like It*, and a play by Grillparzer. "Our village," the brochure proclaimed, "has been a sleeping princess. This year the princess awakes thanks to our newly-founded Tourist Association." "Visitors," it went on, "should not imagine we are seeking to compete with the *Festspiel* of our neighbours at Bad Hersfeld. Nor should they have anxieties about getting here. The road up is excellent; and that visitors will be able to get back home should be self-evident." On the wall hung a handsome placard giving the times of the performances and ending with the words "Refresh yourselves with Pepsi-Cola." I am sorry we could not wait to see the sleeping Princess awake on the *Feste Otzberg* to the sound of the Eroica Symphony and popping Pepsi.

* * *

One trouble about Rousseau's recipe for festival going is that one may not like the destination as soon as one gets there. To tell the truth, I did not fall in love with Salzburg at first sight. Driving into this hot, dusty city after two days bathing in mountain lakes and eating fresh blue trout cooked in butter, I found its hotels and cafés outrageously expensive and its Italianate baroque architecture a disappointment. A performance of the famous Reinhardt production of *Jedermann* in the Cathedral Square did nothing to improve my humour. The text, rewritten with luscious religiosity by the poet Hofmannstal, retains none of the gritty realism of the original *Everyman*: and Reinhardt's tricks of production look a bit shopsoiled after thirty years' repetition. The big event of the year, the world première of a new opera based on Kafka's *Trial*, was not much better. The boast that this was to be a modern *Jedermann* proved only too accurate. It was the same kind of Expressionism which I found so wildly exciting when I first saw it in the Berlin of the 1920s. In 1953 it seemed rather dull and old-fashioned, though I must admit that most of the Germans I talked to disagreed with me. They still have a taste for pretentious mysticism!

But what matters in Salzburg is Mozart. On my third evening I heard *Cosi Fan Tutte* sung in the open air in the courtyard of the Residence. The high, bare stage is backed by the elegant three-storey facade of the Palace, suffused with light. Overhead a black sky, and occasionally a pigeon flapping to its roost in the roof. The acoustics are as perfect as the performance and the setting. Sitting for two-and-a-half hours on a hard wooden bench, I felt myself floating on rococo clouds of melody. As we strolled out to see the old fortress floodlit on its crag above us, I heard a newsboy shouting about a general strike in France. At night in Salzburg, such affairs sound sheerly irrelevant.

* * *

Back in dusty daylight, this overgrown city bumps down into reality. Swollen to nearly twice its pre-war size by refugees and devoid of industry, Salzburg is miserably poor despite its Festival. Talking to the Socialist Mayor, I learnt that housing and food prices are its main problems. As recently as three years ago, Austrians were well off compared with Germans. Now the situation is reversed. Thanks to the partition of Germany, Bonn can receive unlimited dollars in return for rearming. But Austria, which is not famed for her soldiers, is a poor Cold War investment. Moreover, ironically enough, one of her handicaps is the amicable Four Power control of Vienna which permits a central Austrian Government to administer the whole country. For this means that any dollars which flow in from the West can be drained out by the Russians. So the dollar flow dwindles and the standard of living is substantially lower than in Germany. As for housing, the Mayor drily informed me that one of his problems is "the light cavalry." No fewer than 900 flats, which should be used to relieve overcrowding, are now rented by American soldiers to house their Austrian mistresses. "Every so often, the Military Police carry out a sweep, but this merely means that reinforcements are brought in. We like the Americans," he added hastily. "But we should like them more if the occupation were ended: so far it has presented the city with 1,000 orphans."

Across the German frontier just behind Salzburg, soars the wildly romantic mountain of the Obersalzberg on which first Hitler and then Goering, Bormann and Speer built their neighbouring villas as well as a private road and a lift up to Hitler's tea-room right on top of the precipitous Kehlstein crag. The lift and the tea-room are now open to the public; but the villas, which were bombed and then looted in 1945, were finally blown to pieces last year. All that remains are two vast air-raid shelters under each, and on top sodden mounds of clay and debris with a few feeble oak trees planted in them. Nearby, the hotel where Chamberlain stayed is now rebuilt as a convalescent home for American soldiers. I motored up there on a bad morning when the clouds were still hanging on the Kehlstein after a thunderstorm; but there were plenty of cars and charabancs and I soon joined a crowd standing on the site of Goering's villa and listening to a local inhabitant who had appointed himself their guide. For half an hour, the only non-German present, I stood in the background, overhearing. Every detail of the Führer's house and habits was described with quiet reverence. We were told with particular emphasis of his kindness to the peasants he had been compelled to evict and every now and then a dark-eyed girl would put in a question about "our Adolf." "But now," said the guide, "nothing remains but the 12-room 'bunker.'" At this a big man in leather shorts exploded; "Mark my words, there will come a day when that bunker will attract more pilgrims than the catacombs in Rome." "Yes," said the guide cautiously, "but the time is yet to come when we can freely assert what is right."

At this point I broke in to ask who had ordered the demolitions. There seemed to be some doubt about this. One alert young local said that the hoteliers of Garmisch (the other Bavarian resort) had bribed the Bavarian Government to remove a potential rival attraction. But our guide rebuked him. "The Americans thought too many Germans were coming, so they had to blow it all up. It had to happen." This was too much for the big man. Looking grimly into my eyes he said: "The worst thing that could happen to me would be if my friend blew up my home." The crowd fell silent, and the guide hurriedly remarked that he must go to lunch. So that was that! If the Americans (or the Bavarian Government) thought they could destroy the Hitler cult by physical demolitions, they knew very little about the German soul. Until another Führer rises, there will always be plenty of pilgrims climbing the Obersalzberg in order to stand beside the empty Führer shrine. Having had enough for one day, I drove back into Austria.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

In order to keep the Press at bay, Lady Munnings has denied firmly that the dog attended the Queen's wedding in Westminster Abbey in her handbag. In truth, the dog was in her muff and not in her handbag.—*City Press.* (H. Murray.)

The owner of a car which burst into flames near a Bedford shop window tried to attract the attention of people inside the shop watching a TV relay of the Test. Only a few spared him a glance. None offered to help.—*Glasgow Bulletin.* (R. I. Macdonald.)

It is only in recent years, since the long trousers came on the market, that we've had all this juvenile crime. Why don't the police make a move?—Letter in *Evening Chronicle.* (John Kerr.)

My aunt has a mania for boiling things. On having trouble with her sewing machine she put it in the boiler and boiled it. When the machine was taken out it worked as good as new.—Letter in *Woman's Own*. (B. Gibson.)

Lady Docker's hairdresser, Mr. Martin, is flying to Nice today to do her hair for a ball. He has looked after her for 15 years. "She's very loyal," he said.

What does he charge her for a trip like this? "I am an artist," replied Mr. Martin proudly. "I know nothing about commerce."—*Daily Express*. (John Burnaby.)

Viscount's Heir and Wife are anxious to obtain unfurnished accommodation in return for services. —Advert in *The Times*. (K. R. Warr.)

FOR THE LOVE OF ALLAH

"Immediate help is imperative . . . not loans but direct aid is needed . . . we are not beggars and are unwilling to grant any concessions."—The Shah of Persia.

To the Shah of the Persians, said Premier Zahedi,
"The kingdom is stoney, relief must be speedy";
The Shah, thanking Allah for infinite mercies,
Invited all nations to open their purses.

Too proud to go begging, a handsome annuity
The Shah would accept, or the smallest gratuity.
To bolster morale and avoid revolutions
Teheran was soliciting free contributions.

The West could provide but no loans would be floated,
Industrial ventures would not be promoted,
The pride of the Persians refused all concessions
That mortgaged resources in Persian possessions.

The call of the Shah was a challenge to charity,
A chance to establish Islam's solidarity;
The King and the Sultan, the Sheik and the Emir
Would surely send alms to the Shah and the Premier.

Said the Shah to Zahedi "The thought is consoling
That Sheikh Ahmad of Kuwait is obviously rolling,
And the bounty of Allah could well be afforded
By King Ibn Saud of Arabia Sordid.

"The Sultan of Oman could make us advances,
Karachi and Cairo could help our finances"—
But no Arab Leaguers, though Shiite or Sunni,
Were prompted by Allah to part with their money.

Then, roused by the danger of Islam's inertia,
America hastened to subsidise Persia.
Said the Shah to Zahedi (whom friends call Faziollah)
"Thanksgiving to Allah who sent us the dollar!"

SAGITTARIUS

Back to Life

III. Remploy

Industrial psychologists are all very well, but the only real proof that a disabled man is employable is the readiness of employers to take him. Many restored men and women go direct into industrial and commercial employment, both from Government Training Centres and from the Industrial Rehabilitation Units. The Disabled Persons (Employment) Act of 1944 requires all firms with twenty or more employees to allocate not less than three per cent. of their vacancies to disabled people. Some firms—their names are household words at the Training Centres—go far beyond this compulsory quota, and they are indeed the mainstay of the scheme for resettlement in industry. But compulsion and compassion alike have limits, and the place for a disabled man or woman whose case is beyond the limits of this kind of help is likely to be in a Remploy Factory.

Remploy, Ltd., is a trading company promoted by the Ministry of Labour under the Act of 1944 to provide work for severely disabled people. It was intended, or perhaps I should say expected, to be non-profit making; and in any material sense it has been, and is likely always to be, loss-making. In its brief life it has already set up ninety factories in Great Britain, representing an economically crazy rate of capital expenditure, now strongly criticised by Parliament, but due mainly, it seems, to the importunacy of M.P.s whose constituents impatiently demanded the promised factories. About 6,000 men and women —43 per cent. of them ex-Service men—work in the factories, and about 100 are employed as "outworkers" in their homes. When the Select Committee on Estimates bore down upon it in 1951, the company had fought a six years' losing battle against the consequences of over-rapid expansion, low production rates, and the suspicion of trade competitors; and the Select Committee castigated the Ministry of Labour for "the serious condition into which the Remploy organisation has fallen and the serious loss of public money involved." It added that "considerable reorganisation of the management of the company is now imperative."

Imperative, that is, if you want to save money, to reduce the average loss per disabled man—which at present is about £7 per week, or rather more than his wages. Against this Remploy "loss"—about £2½m. in a year—must be set a saving to the Ministry of Labour of about £1½m. a year in assistance grants. When I went round the factories the "save money" spirit seemed to be spreading like a religion. The industries were being rationalised; the former system of "geographical sales divisions" for Remploy products was being displaced by a system of "product divisions"; "long-run contracts" were being vigorously sought, in place of the short-run "jobbing" orders that went out of fashion with the industrial revolution; the quality of material was being matched to the work done with it; and spaces had been cleared in factories for the new assembly-line machinery which is to introduce something like mass-production into Remploy. Turnover per man had nearly doubled in eighteen months, sales—about half to the Government and half to trade—had risen by a third, and export trade was beginning. At the top of it all was a brand-new managing director, a dynamic "business doctor" with a surgeon's mandate; though some of these changes had been initiated, not merely before the doctor was called in, but before the Select Committee had sounded the alarm about losses of public money.

Lower down in the hierarchy, ninety factory managers were giving such local orders as might enable them to weather the storm. And all this has had, I believe, two consequences of some gravity for the future of the company. First, the publicity that followed the Select Committee's strictures has given the company and its products a totally undeserved bad name, the forgotten reason for which has been supplanted by a belief that there must be something wrong with the goods. Secondly, the fact that Remploy is not compelled to employ anyone sent to it by the Labour Exchanges has lately become more sharply obvious: the standards of industrial aptitude—of "employability"—are going up because output must go up. This is far from being the intention of the changed regime, but I heard it repeatedly at the factories and at the training centres.

"There are two categories of these disabled people," one official told me. "'Category I is the people fit enough to work in open industry—they're 'quota' men, they go into the three per cent. that firms *have* to take on. Category II go to Remploy because they just couldn't stand up to ordinary work, no matter how you trained them. Well, the Category II men are getting a bit more like the Category I men. You ask anybody here. And it's all because we've got to show a better return on our money." When I asked him what became of applicants turned down by Remploy he shrugged. "Public assistance," he said. I could get no figures in support of what he said but I did find a surprising unanimity of belief among Remploy staffs that it is true. If ever it becomes true, Remploy will have failed.

Such a statement postulates that it has hitherto been a success. You couldn't fail to think so if you saw the employees at work or recreation. It is a resounding social and humanitarian success despite crippling economic difficulties. Large contracts have been unobtainable because Remploy could provide no proof of its ability to handle them; such proof is not to be furnished without a large order to fulfil. Trade associations—and especially trade unions—applauded the Remploy idea of State-subsidised work for the disabled, so long as their own trade interests were not affected. Whichever of its competitors might go in for undercutting on market prices, Remploy could not; its prices and its products must be normal, with no appeal to sentiment by way of counteracting the totally unfounded criticism that goods made by the disabled are bound to be in some way inferior. And it faces the constant handicap that many of its workers can never hope to reach a standard of skill and production higher than 30 per cent. of an able-bodied man's: the potential of many is as low as 10 per cent.

Thirty-six factories, the largest group, are devoted to woodworking—with a promising new "long run" line in fitted kitchen cabinets that seemed to me as good as any on the market. Eleven make protective clothing, seven make cardboard boxes, seven "knitwear," six are on orthopædic and leather work, five on book-binding repairs, and a dozen on "P.I.P." P.I.P. (packaging, identification, preservation) is an important new industry, virtually a by-product of global war and the need to pack goods for prolonged storage in opposite extremes of climate. P.I.P. packaging is now a standard feature of Government contracts for ordnance stores of all kinds, from tank tracks to half-inch bolts, and Remploy factories are taking on more and more of it as sub-contractors. It seemed to me the perfect light industry for disabled people.

"There does not appear to have been any scientific study undertaken in the five years of the company's existence," said the Select Committee on Estimates, "of the type of products on which it would be best to concentrate." I gathered that one of the more salutary results of the Committee's Report has been precisely this kind of concentration, with reduction rather than expansion of "lines" as an inevitable consequence. But if an increasing number of the more seriously disabled applicants are to be rejected in the interests of increased production, the changed purpose of the company ought perhaps to be acknowledged. Otherwise, I would suggest that the development of "home work" be made its primary concern. There is, for example, a huge mail order business waiting to be done by marketing firms who need home-workers—perfectly reputable companies potentially able to fulfil a public need. It looks as though there may be at least 15,000 potential home-workers awaiting a marriage between Remploy and the recently

formed Society of Mail Order Traders. "We will train you to do a job," the Ministry of Labour has been saying to the disabled. "After that, if industry won't employ you, we will." I do not think there is any real danger that the visionary plans of George Tomlinson and Ernest Bevin, to whom Remploy was a great social adventure, will end after all in a chain of subsidised factories taking rather more disabled workers than is really good for their business. But the whole scheme of industrial rehabilitation and vocational training needs publicity of a radically different kind from the acerbities of an auditor's report.

At the Remploy factories I visited the most impressive line in production was reconditioned self-respect. For our £1m. a year, 6,000 men and women escape from pity into usefulness and dignity; they cost us, in the process £3 a week each more than they would on public assistance. Our taxes are worse used in other ways.

C. H. ROLPH

Southern Cross

II.—INDUSTRY TO THE RESCUE

IN a country where racial segregation is so pervasive a system as to be carried beyond life into death—so that non-White medical students may not operate on White corpses—one is bound to ask whether anything but violent collision can possibly lie ahead. Yet life in South Africa continues to bring all racial communities more closely together. The White man's desire for segregation may rise to new heights of frenzy: the White man's economics draw fresh thousands of African, Coloured, and Indian workers every year into the White man's factories and towns.

This economic integration is very obvious in 1953. Percentage contributions to the South African economy of gold-mining and manufacturing were 19 per cent. and 18.3 per cent. in 1941: by 1952, these proportions had changed to 9.2 per cent. and 23.6 per cent. Dr. van Eck, chairman of the State-financed Industrial Development Corporation, told me lately in Johannesburg that the number of Africans employed in non-mining industry rose from 151,000 in 1940 to 369,000 in 1950 (and probably to well over 400,000 in 1953); and their average annual wages showed an increase of 124 per cent. over the ten years 1941-50. Figures prepared by the Chamber of Industries dramatically illustrate another aspect of this change. "From 1936 to 1946 the number of working males employed on farms increased by only 2.2 per cent., while the number employed in manufacturing increased by 75 per cent., and the number of Native wage-earners per 100 European employees in industry increased from 108.3 in 1933 to 189.6 in 1948."

This means that more and more Africans are escaping from the subjection of the farms, where social stagnation is complete and the law of the lash prevails whenever shouts are insufficient; and are finding their feet in the modern world of industrial relations. And this world leads directly to the world of political relations—a point which nobody has missed. Last year's great achievements in passive resistance among the non-Whites would have been plainly impossible without this growth of industrial employment.

Escape from helotry begins to be possible even for the "mining Natives," among the worst exploited of all Africans. Migrant workers from all over Central and Southern Africa are gathered by the gold-mines into all-male compounds where the least breath of politics or trade unionism calls out the police. Thus a gold-mining labour force of nearly 300,000 Africans, present on the Rand in varying totals for the last sixty years, has had practically no access to the world of trade unions, industrial self-defence, or personal betterment.

Yet 1953, even here, has brought a change. For the first time in something over a quarter of a century (notwithstanding great advances in productivity), the gold-mines have this year awarded a general rise in pay. The average rise is worth about 10s. a month, and some of the skilled workers have gained more: which means that the minimum underground wage is raised from 2s. 8d. a day to 3s. a day. The mines have also reduced the minimum contract period from 270 shifts to 180 shifts, a notable gain for indentured labourers who come from far away and must live without their families. Lastly, it is understood that the mines are now prepared to pay the return fares of their migrant workers: hitherto they have paid fares in only one direction.

The reason for this improvement is not a change of heart in the mine owners, but a desperate shortage of labour. In the old days of labour shortage, more workers were gathered by increasing the poll tax in Native Reserves and widening the area of recruitment. These means no longer serve: the shortage is caused, not by Africans staying at home, but by their obvious and understandable preference for the higher wages and better living conditions of the manufacturing industries. "Many of the (gold) mines are working at only 80 or 85 per cent. of their milling capacity," the financial editor of the *Cape Times* has pointed out, "which means that they require about 100,000 Natives to return to optimum working conditions. In addition, the Free State mines are coming into production, and another 100,000 workers are needed for them." And so there is talk even among mine owners of increasing the degree of mechanisation, and of "the effective schooling of Natives for particular tasks."

Industrialism has already gone a long way towards destroying the old South African myth that Africans are fit for nothing better than menial labour. More and more Whites in South Africa are beginning to believe the evidence of their own eyes. (If they believed what they read, of course, they would know that the Belgian Congo has for many years employed Africans in highly skilled industrial work.) In the engineering industry, for example, it was probably true that up to the middle Thirties the labour force consisted of not less than 60 per cent. of skilled journeymen and 40 per cent. of unskilled labourers. That was largely a repairing and converting industry, done mainly by hand. The war brought more advanced processes, and machines demanding semi-skilled operation. In this industry today the labour proportions show only 9 per cent. of journeymen (all Whites, with a handful of Coloureds): with these, there is about 14 per cent. of semi-skilled operatives (nearly all Whites) receiving from 60 to 93 per cent. of the journeyman's basic wage, *but also* 77 per cent. of semi-skilled operators and labourers (nearly all Africans) who receive about 20 per cent. of the journeyman's basic wage. These Africans are blacksmith strikers, shot-sand blasters, buffers and polishers, spot-butt welders, spray painters and machine-minders; and the only reason why they are not journeymen as well is that no facilities for training them exist, and the White union maintains a colour bar.

If the effects of this growing industrialism could freely take their course, non-White workers in South Africa might soon emerge from the midnight dark wherein most of them are obliged to live. Unhappily, the White man's strange arcana of racial myths, magic, and self-interest stand gauntly in the way. The last two years or so have brought a drastic weakening in the non-White trade union movement, always heavily handicapped by the law. These unions appear to suffer increasingly from a lack of trained leaders devoted to their jobs, and even more from a lack of militant policy. Some of them have adopted a "non-political" attitude which plays straight into the hands of the authorities, and only the unions in the Transvaal showed themselves willing to support the passive resistance campaign against racial discrimination—although discrimination is precisely what non-White unions most suffer from. In the engineering industry alone, there may be as many as 90,000 Africans who remain outside the trade union movement.

Even in the mixed trade unions there seems to be a growth of White nationalism. Although the largest of these unions, the Garment Workers, has over 50 per cent. of non-White members, as against only 10 per cent. before the war, its leaders have been able to make little progress towards a fully unified organisation, and still maintain separate office entrances in deference to the rigidity of White sentiment within the union. These leaders, it is true, are anything but racialist; but they continue to hold office mainly through the solid vote of non-White garment workers.

It is Nationalist policy to abolish trade unionism in South Africa, whether White or non-White. To that end the Nationalists have succeeded in getting control of most of the old craft unions, and they are now planning a direct assault on all the other unions. This may take the form of a Native Labour Relations Act which should introduce a system of corporative "unions" along the lines of those in Fascist Italy and contemporary Spain. Power in industry would be given to a Labour Relations Board representing the Government, the employers, and the workers; strikes would be prohibited (African men, of course, have never had the right to strike); and no reference of disputes to trade unions would be permitted. The Labour Relations Board would fix wages and establish working conditions, and enjoy effective control over all existing industrial agreements. This would give the Nationalist Government the whip-hand in labour questions—and the hand, in this case, would literally hold a whip. Even the racialist craft unions are against this measure; while the Council of Non-European Unions has resolved to defy it.

In the end, no doubt, the influences of a growing industrialism will carry the day. But the end is a long way off; and the immediate future, heavy with threats of violence, lies at the mercy of the Government and its allies.

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AN Indian firm making paper from eta reeds found considerable difficulty in bleaching the fibre and in producing paper of satisfactory quality. Experimental manufacture on a full-scale plant was expensive and also meant taking the plant off normal production for a long period. Accordingly, the firm turned to I.C.I. (India) by whom the enquiry was referred to the I.C.I. technical service organisation in England. A quantity of boiled eta pulp was then shipped to this country for trials. It was sent first to I.C.I. General Chemicals Division at Runcorn who developed a successful bleaching process. The bleached pulp was then sent to I.C.I. Dyestuffs Division, who maintain in Manchester a small papermaking machine as part of their normal technical service to the paper industry. Tests showed that the white obtained in bleaching was as stable to light as that of the bleached cotton pulp used in the manufacture of high-grade papers. After a number of trials, using eta fibre alone and in mixtures, samples of paper and details of the way in which the various pulp mixtures behaved on the papermaking machine were sent to India. As a result, the original difficulties were overcome and the manufacturer in India was able to make paper of the quality required.

ICI

English Born

Is it possible to conquer a language in any but the natural way of growing up in it? I wonder. I have been trying it for decades, and I still do not know the answer.

It is, of course, easy enough for almost anybody to get a smattering of a foreign language and, in due time, to speak it quite well and to understand it even better. He will make himself understood without difficulties; he will read practically any book without the help of a dictionary; he will understand almost any stage dialogue; he will get an ear for slang and dialects; and he may even learn to appreciate the more subtle nuances of good prose and poetry. That will be quite adequate for anyone who is a mere customer of the language; but it may still be far from good enough for one who hopes to employ the language professionally or creatively, who has to speak or write it for a living in competition with those using it since childhood.

I remember an actor who was a famous stage star in Germany and Austria before Hitler expelled him. He came to this country and spent a year or two studying the language with almost fanatical zeal. He had the best tutors every day; he went to a play every night; he read deeply and wisely; he went to country pubs to sharpen his ear for slang and dialects; he spent hours listening to gramophone records of the best elocutionists. And then—in what seemed to me a subtly sublimated masochist streak—he would bid his small daughter recite to him all the nursery rhymes she knew. She would do it delightedly, over and over again; and her father would listen spellbound, studying her flawless intonation with keen professional appreciation, scrutinising the way she produced her perfect English vowels and her effortless "l" and "r" and "th." She too had been in England for less than a year; but then she was only three or four. When her father realised that he could not hope ever to emulate her he went to Hollywood as a film director.

Actors, of course, are relatively favoured in their struggle with a foreign tongue; if willing to be stamped as a type they can make a virtue of necessity and specialise in parts requiring their very own accent. In fact, I remember that when Maurice Chevalier was at the peak of his Hollywood career, the studio hired a French professor to talk to him in his native tongue for an hour a day, lest he lose that charming accent which was so vital a professional asset.

But what about writers? We have no such easy way out of our troubles. After all, there are fairly narrow limits to the numbers of *donnerwetter* and *o-la-la* and *dio mio* one can usefully inject into a typescript of finished copy ready for an English printer. Hence the emigré writer must either depend on translators for the rest of his life, or he must try to master his new language as well as any craftsman should handle his tools.

What are his principal difficulties? One of them—one of the gravest—is his fatal weakness for clichés. Let us not forget that every cliché when first coined was good coinage—very good indeed, or else it would never have become a cliché. It was only by being over-used (and finally abused) that it became debased. But when the emigré writer meets that cliché (or any cliché) for the first time it regains its virginity. For him it is not debased; it is every whit as perfect coinage as it used to be long, long ago, in its mint condition. Being a writer with a natural flair for facile formulations, for meaty metaphors and for words neatly put, he is even more impressed by them than normal people. He is not merely prone to clichés, he laps them up, and he wouldn't be a writer if he didn't. Thus, in his adopted language, he cheerfully puts down words and metaphors the like of which in his own language would make him wince and shudder.

Then, as kindly editors and colleagues tactfully excise the worst of such wordy exuberance, and as the emigré writer begins to dig a little deeper, to see a little clearer and get the feel of his new language, he emerges from the first to the second stage of his long pilgrimage. He feels that he will never be properly at home in his new language, that huge garden strewn with pretty words and with simple words and with litter for him to pick and choose. He feels for ever condemned wistfully to watch his native colleagues as they wander through that garden with perfect assurance, and with an unerring knack of picking here and discarding there, tie their words into a bunch that is just the right size, smells sweetly, and blends into an attractive colour-scheme.

For the emigré writer that is a painful but salutary period; he may not notice it yet, but he is learning all the time; yet, the more he learns the more dejected he becomes by seeing ever more clearly that there is more to be learned and still more that may be altogether unlearnable. By now he has come to be quite modest and very critical of his own efforts; he no longer has the courage to coin his own words, but he takes care to pick simple words and spare grand adjectives. He may even begin to learn how to tell the genuine from the fake, the eloquent from the grandiloquent, the sublime from the highfallutin', the precious from the "precious." He will, in fact, make progress. But can he ever come anywhere near some real mastery of the acquired language? Frankly, I do not know.

I still think the most conclusive answer to the question was given by my late father-in-law many years ago. He had come to England as a refugee, and along with others in their sixties he attended English classes. At the end of term they had to do an essay on "The Best Way to Learn English." My father-in-law's essay was brief, but I think it was to the point. He wrote: "The best way to learn English is to be born in this country and to go to school here."

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Immunity

They were speeding down the tree-lined avenue. The Bois de Boulogne was deserted at this time of year: the road seemed to stretch before them with the empty unreality of a road in a motion picture. I mustn't watch the speedometer, she kept telling herself. The needle was moving up to 100 now. He had always been driving too fast, she remembered, even before the war, but since then he drove like a man possessed. He was forever in a hurry. He could make out on four hours' sleep and twenty hours' work. Maybe, he was making up for lost time, for all the years spent in prison, the years spent underground, the years spent waiting to get things done.

The needle had moved to 110. He should not be using the Bois as a race-course, she thought, but she refrained from thinking aloud—he loathed back-seat drivers. They had idled over coffee and brandy, and now, to assuage his conscience, he punished his car by stepping on the accelerator with fury. If he'd been used to horses, she thought, he'd know that you cannot push anything beyond its natural limits; even a car could break down or get out of control. As it had done once, long ago, in San Francisco.

At San Francisco, she had first met him again—in 1945. By all the laws of averages, he should have been dead—he, to whom prison cells, even before the war and the Occupation, had been so much more familiar than hotel bedrooms. He had survived through sheer will-power and faith in the future; had lived for years in the woods like a hunted animal, until in the end the hunted became the hunters. By then, the land which he loved had become waste-land, the towns a shambles of brick and mortar. She had understood his impatience in 1945: the job was so vast.

Since San Francisco, they had met more frequently—once or twice every year. Her work as a reporter had kept her on the fringe of political events and international gatherings; and he had become one of the leading statesmen in the Socialist world, so important, in fact, that he rated a special body-guard. It was the body-guard which had been the cause of much amusement to her earlier in the day. For as they had started out for luncheon, he had turned to her. "Look and see, Anabel," he had said, "whether there's anyone following us."

She had laughed. "Who would be shadowing us here? This is Paris, not New York!"

"Fiddlesticks," he had said, a little impatiently. "I am not worried about the police—neither the Sureté nor the F.B.I. It's my body-guard. I am sick and tired of having that man follow me about. It's bad enough to be followed by one's enemies—I got used to that. But to be shadowed for one's own protection! There's no escape."

Anabel had assured him that there was no sign of the little yellow Citroen. "He's gone to lunch," she had said. "He'd better," Henry had replied. "I bribed him. With a 5,000 franc note, just to be left in peace. I should be allowed a quiet meal with an old friend, undisturbed—just for once."

They had, in fact, not been followed; and had driven, leisurely then, through the Bois to a little *bistro* on the other side. They had talked, with a sense of urgency, as old friends will after a year's separation—a year of anxiety and of Cold War. He had wanted to know about old friends in America and she had tried to fill in the gaps. There had been much sadness to speak of—headaches and heartaches and longings for the future. Henry, for once, had shown no sign of impatience. There was a quality of compassion in him—a compassion so great, Anabel often thought, that unless it were kept in check it

would overwhelm him—and, as if in self-preservation, he hid his feelings most of the time behind a happy-go-lucky mannerism which he had developed over the years. He need not have taken so much trouble, she thought. He was so brilliant that few people credited him with any sentiments.

Anabel knew it was going to happen about 100 yards before they reached the cross-roads. Through the wintry landscape, the leafless trees, she had glimpsed a converging car. No matter who had the right of way, Henry would never be able to stop in time, or even to slow down sufficiently, to avoid a collision. She sat next to him, petrified. She could see the Press headlines—Iron Curtain Diplomat and American Girl in Accident: Secret Tryst—another "spy sensation" to brighten the drabness of the Middle Western home at breakfast time.

It would be best, she thought, if they were both to die. It would not do to be taken to a hospital "in a serious condition." Then the reporters would come; and how could you ever explain that there had been nothing more to it than a meal shared by two old friends? She never wished to "explain" another thing; she had no desire to "deny" any of the stories they were sure to print. She had never participated in the current American pastime of public pronouncements—confessions or denials. There was so much work to be done.

Then it happened. Then nothing. Nothing, except that she was not dead. Nothing, except that Henry was still at the wheel next to her. Even now he could not stop the car, although he was hitting the brakes for all they were worth. About fifty yards beyond the crossing, they were finally grinding to a halt. Without another word Henry jumped out and raced back. They had run straight into two cars crossing the intersection from opposite directions. Anabel sat in a daze. When at last she turned round, she noticed the second car—the one she had not seen—a small Renault bashed in like a squeezed accordion. And she noticed something else: their own car was on fire. She tried to get out, but the door would not open. Burnt at the stake, she thought, how fitting. The New Inquisition. Her eye fell on Henry's brief-case. It looked impressive. Maybe, it was important. She must save the brief-case, she thought. How had Henry got out, she wondered. And then, with great mental effort, she realised that the other side of the car must be undamaged.

By the time Anabel got back, a crowd had already gathered. The cross-roads, deserted a few minutes before, were now a beehive of activity. Henry, gawky and guilty, towered above the crowd. His ambassadorial poise was gone. He had come to take stock of his victims—the victims of his haste. There were tears in his eyes, until he realised that nobody had been seriously hurt. Two men had piled out of what had once been a Renault, while the limousine spluttered forth a smartly dressed woman, a chauffeur and three small children. There were bruises, but no graver injury.

"My God," Henry mumbled, turning to Anabel, "imagine killing a child!"

"You didn't," she said, soothingly, touching his arm. A miracle, he didn't, she thought to herself, gazing at the two cars. Henry was still apologising when the police arrived. He offered to be responsible for all and any damage. "A C.D. plate, Sir," one of the policemen informed the officer in charge. "Maybe," Henry said to Anabel, "you'd better try to get to town. Ask the Embassy to send another car. I'll handle the police."

A passing car gave her a lift to the Porte Maillot, where she changed to a taxi. She gave the address and sank back, exhausted. How nice though, she thought, to be in a car going at less than 100. How nice, for that matter, to be alive and all in one piece. How nice to be seeing David for dinner instead of being done up in a shroud. Dear David, she thought. Dear, dear David. She must ring him at once. He must be worried to death. Nonsense, she told herself, he couldn't be worried, he knew nothing of all this, he never expected to see her before 6.30, when they would meet for a drink as usual. The evening papers were out already; she'd be able to tell him before he would see the morning editions. Damn the papers, she thought, and stopped feeling nice. David wouldn't care. He never cared about such matters—cared nothing about imaginary trysts and love-nests and political defamation. He knew that she was his love—yesterday and to-day and forever. He trusted her and accepted her without reservation. He grudged her neither her work, which often parted her from him, nor those of her friendships which he could not share. His love for her was all-embracing and unpossessive. Dear David, she thought again, but how much trouble she had caused him. Political reporting had become a hazardous undertaking, and as the Cold War had got into its stride she had been named, more and more frequently, as a "mouthpiece of Red propaganda." He had never voiced disapproval, never interfered, never demanded that she act differently from the way he knew she must act. But the mounting attacks upon her had hurt him, and worried him. She did not want him hurt again.

At 6.30 that evening David rang her office. "In five minutes, darling?" he asked. "Sorry," she said, "I've been held up. You go ahead and I'll join you." She had got back to her office at 6 o'clock, and felt obliged to file something. Editors did not care for happily survived accidents—nor for impatient husbands. Forty-five minutes later, she joined David in the little bar where they met every night. It was only then that her knees began to wobble.

"A double brandy, I think," she said.

"Hold your hand?" he asked. It was their gesture whenever either of them was in trouble, although nine times out of ten it was Anabel's hand which needed holding.

"Let me have my drink," she said, "and I'll tell you."

"You look a bit green," David said, and ordered another double brandy. Sipping her second drink, she began to tell him.

"What a lovely time the tabloids will have," David said. "They'll make you into quite a Mata Hari, won't they? Seducing Iron Curtain diplomats, so that they lose control of the wheel!"

He was trying hard to pass it off as a joke, but she knew he did not think it very funny. Then she told him of the time she had had at the Embassy, first convincing them that Henry was neither dead nor hurt, then persuading them to let her have another car to go back and rescue him. In the end, they had set out, she herself, a Second Secretary, a chauffeur and a much sobered body-guard.

They had found Henry engaged in conversation with the Chief of Traffic Police. The young officer, originally in charge, had quickly asked for reinforcement once he discovered that one of the cars involved not only bore a diplomatic licence plate but had contained an Ambassador. The occasion warranted negotiations on the highest level. The office of the Chief of Traffic Police, on receiving the call, had in turn summoned several ambulances, whose drivers and stretcher-bearers, unwanted, had since joined the crowd. The Chief had implored Henry repeatedly to allow himself to be taken to a hospital. There was nothing which required hospital treatment, Henry had assured him time and again—not even a bleeding nose. The Chief of Traffic Police had shaken his head in sorrow: His Excellency realised, of course, that the Government of the Republic would never forgive itself if anything were left undone to make certain of His Excellency's well-being. Henry was most appreciative. It was only when the reporters arrived on the scene that Henry had become somewhat apprehensive.

"When he saw me get out of the car," Anabel continued, "he came rushing over and pushed me back inside. Then, after a fond farewell from the Chief, he joined us and we started right back for Paris. 'I thought I'd got you safely out of the way,' Henry had said. 'I had hoped and prayed you'd have stayed in town. Everything had gone off all right until some smart aleck told the police that there had been a passenger in my car. It was then that the Press began to ask questions. I could see the headlines in your lovely American papers.'"

"So can I," David interrupted. "It won't look good, will it?" He held her hand a little tighter. "Poor darling," he said.

"Well," Anabel went on, "one of the Press boys went up to Henry. 'The lady, Your Excellency, is your wife?' 'No' Henry said, because it was too easy to check, 'no, I am afraid, the lady is not my wife.' The Chief of Traffic Police overheard the conversation, bowed deeply. 'I beg your pardon, Your Excellency,' he said. Then he turned to the reporters. 'Any reference to the lady will be deleted from the record. The police understand that His Excellency was alone in the car'."

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The Arts and Entertainment

HAMLET AT EDINBURGH

SEVERAL years ago, before he had been given the chance of playing any considerable part, Mr. Richard Burton was already "tipped" by the discerning as *the* coming young actor. And, only naturally, the main interest in the Old Vic's *Hamlet*, which opened the dramatic side of the Edinburgh Festival, was the question of whether or not he would prove to be the first of the post-war generation of actors to make a decisive conquest of the role. If on the opening night he did not quite succeed in this, it was less by deficiencies of skill and acting ability than by insuperable deficiencies of temperament. There are some parts which even a great actor must by nature fall short in, and if an Olivier must be content never to have achieved a Hamlet, a Burton must not be ashamed to have missed it too.

All the same Mr. Burton's Hamlet seemed to me a very remarkable achievement indeed. Since we last saw him at Stratford two years ago, he has developed enormously. His performances then were largely personality performances, depending on a few tricks for projecting his individual magnetism. Now he has quite boldly dropped these tricks and the mannerisms that went with them, and he is acquiring instead the solid foundations of a technique. His range of voice has greatly extended. The control is not yet absolutely certain, especially in the rapid passages, but the soliloquies were beautifully spoken, and at least one scene—the graveyard scene—was wholly perfect, and throughout we were held by the actor's command and magnetism. Mr. Burton lacks by nature qualities that are essential for a Hamlet. He cannot suggest the poet nor the courtier nor the scholar. He might easily have tried to cover this up by taking in his old style, a sort of "depth," using the long pause and the sulky stare to help himself out. That way, I daresay, he would have had a greater popular success. But I much more respect this serious approach to the part which evaded none of the difficulties, though it did not triumph over all of them; and without doubt Mr. Burton will be further on the road to becoming the fine actor he is going to be for having tackled Hamlet in this way.

Nevertheless, it would be wise to reserve judgment upon this performance, as on the whole production until it has been seen where it belongs—on the stage proper. What an unsuitable, impracticable, disillusioning setting is the odious Assembly Hall with its bare, open platform stage! And what a particularly Guthrie joke it is to have imposed its impossibility on all his successors. It is suitable only for the arty romp where horse-play and pageantry are the main attractions. For *Hamlet* it is quite hopelessly wrong. From any seat in the house you can see and hear only one-third of the play; a scurry of characters pattering on through the audience is particularly pointless in this play; every exit is seen through the wrong end of a telescope, and every exit line has to be drawn out accordingly; it requires a hundred extras to fill out the empty spaces, and a reasonable-sized Court like this one looks paltry and exiguous. Mr. Benthall's production is necessarily a compromise, since it is primarily designed for the Old Vic; my impression is that it will come into its own there.

There are some admirable performances in support. Miss Fay Compton is the Queen, splendidly professional and expert—that judgment is automatic for Miss Compton. But she is very much more than that, tender, grand and poignant. About Miss Claire Bloom's Ophelia I began with every reservation. Like many Ophelias now she seemed to overdo the emotion too soon; and, then, there is something a little too carefully planned about her performances: they seem more calculated than felt, and they go on under the momentum of this planning without enough regard for the people she is playing with; they lack the elasticity which allows for give and take. But from the moment of her entrance in the mad scene, these reservations were swept aside. Or rather they no longer applied, just because this is a solo virtuoso act in which the other people haven't to be played to but, rather, *at*. And in these scenes Miss Bloom was wonderfully good and intensely moving—far the best Ophelia I have seen for a very long time. (This scene, like the graveyard scene which follows it, was admirably staged.) Mr. Michael Hordern's Polonius suffered particularly from the bad acoustics of the open stage, depending as it did on rapid throw-away and mumble. This, like so much else, will probably find itself when the production comes to its proper home.

Of *The Confidential Clerk* I have space and time only to add a word or two. Mr. Eliot has here carried, even further than in *The Cocktail Party*, his intention of passing off on us, as a modern prose social comedy, a verse play whose real subject is something as profound as the problem of "vocation." The surface play certainly succeeds in its object of holding our attention while the overtones do their work unobserved. The plot is a matter of identity, of the paternity—or is it the maternity?—of a set of foundlings—or are they changelings?—connected, or not connected, with a financier and his scatterbrained wife. Perhaps there is a little less pure comedy than there was in *The Cocktail Party*, but Mr. Eliot makes up with another sort of interest. Each of the characters is faced with a problem of choice and the development of these personal problems is contrived to keep the audience in suspense. The problem is the same for all, though it comes to each in different terms. Each is living on illusions, each has missed or is in danger of missing his true vocation and is making do with make-believe. How much reality can they bear? But there I must postpone discussion of the play until next week, just adding that it is excellently acted throughout, with an enchanting comedy part for Miss Isabel Jeans which she brings off to perfection.

T. C. WORSLEY

DRAWING IS DISCOVERY

FOR the artist drawing is discovery. And that is not just a slick phrase, it is quite literally true. It is the actual act of drawing that forces the artist to look at the object in front of him, to dissect it in his mind's eye and put it together again; or, if he is drawing from memory, that forces him to dredge his own mind, to discover the content of his own store of past observations. It is a platitude in the teaching of drawing that the heart of the matter lies in the specific process of looking. A line, an area of tone, is not really important because it records what you have seen, but because of what it will lead you on to see. Following up its logic in order to check its accuracy, you find confirmation or denial in the object itself or in your memory of it. Each confirmation or denial brings you closer to the object, until finally you are, as it were, inside it: the contours you have drawn no longer marking the edge of what you have seen, but the edge of what you have become. Perhaps that sounds needlessly metaphysical. Another way of putting it would be to say that each mark you make on the paper is a stepping-stone from which you proceed to the next, until you have crossed your subject as though it were a river, have put it behind you.

This is quite different from the later process of painting a "finished" canvas or carving a statue. Here you do not pass through your subject, but try to re-create it and house yourself in it. Each brush-mark or chisel-stroke is no longer a stepping-stone, but a stone to be fitted into a planned edifice. A drawing is an autobiographical record of one's discovery of an event—either seen, remembered or imagined. A "finished" work is an attempt to construct an event in itself. It is significant in this respect that only when the artist gained a relatively high standard of individual "autobiographical" freedom, did drawings, as we now understand them, begin to exist. In a hieratic, anonymous tradition they are unnecessary. (I should perhaps point out here that I am talking about *working* drawings—although a working drawing need not necessarily be made for a specific project. I do not mean linear designs, illustrations, caricatures, certain portraits or graphic works which may be "finished" productions in their own right.)

A number of technical factors often enlarge this distinction between a working drawing and a "finished" work: the longer time needed to paint a canvas or carve a block: the larger scale of the job: the problem of simultaneously managing colour, quality of pigment, tone, texture, grain, and so on—the "shorthand" of drawing is relatively simple and direct. But nevertheless the fundamental distinction is in the working of the artist's mind. A drawing is essentially a private work, related only to the artist's own needs; a "finished" statue or canvas is essentially a public, *presented* work—related far more directly to the demands of communication.

It follows from this that there is an equal distinction from the point of view of the spectator. In front of a painting or statue he tends to identify himself with the subject, to interpret the images for their own sake; in front of a drawing he identifies himself with the artist, using the images to gain the conscious experience of seeing as though through the artist's own eyes. It is this which explains why painters always value so highly the drawings of the masters they admire, and why the general public find it so difficult to appreciate drawings—except for sentimental reasons, or in so far as they are impressed by purely manual dexterity.

All this is prompted by the exhibition of 500 Old Master drawings (Pisanello to Ingres) now at Burlington House. The distinction I have tried to make is relevant for on it are based the standards with which one approaches such a show. A few of the works—the Rowlandsons and the portrait of Gentile Bellini by Giovanni for instance—come under the category of "finished" works. Most, however, can be called "working" drawings. In appreciating these, deftness, charm, ingenuity are, in themselves, beside the point. Everything originally depends upon the quality of discovery. Mannerisms, however elegant, are barriers to discovery as clichés are barriers to thought; look, for instance, at the Pietro Longhis and some (not all) of the younger Tiepolos.

Then, by contrast, go to the Raphael *Head of a Muse* and feel how he discovered the fullness of the form growing under his hand like a pot on a wheel; how Dürer discovered the direction of every fold and fissure as though he were reading Braille, how Guercino discovered the sensuality of his Venus as though he were sleeping with her, how Guardi discovered the space of a room as though he were filling it with air from a pair of bellows; how Rembrandt discovered his figures as though encompassing them with the knowledge of a father. In every case one senses their surprise.

JOHN BERGER

RADIO NOTES

TO return, however temporarily after long absence, to radio reviewing and extended listening is initially a numbing experience. The appalling nimiety of it all! There is the river of sound in full spate; it has been in full spate all the time your back was turned; it is going to go on being in full spate—for ever. Nothing can stop it, and—here is the dreadful thought—it is making exactly the same noises as it was when you switched off two years ago: funny men being funny, religious voices praying, earnest features instructing, exhorting, giving the lowdown, dons being donnish about two-score different specialisms and Mr. Gilbert Harding in danger of bursting a blood vessel at any moment. Yet, having taken the plunge and settled down to listen, you realise that it isn't the same and never was the same, any

more than the Thames itself in spate is the same from minute to minute. Part of the radio reviewer's job, I take it, is to try to catch the moments of difference as they pass.

For me, there is no doubt which was the moment of difference in last week's programmes: it was Robert Graves's extraordinarily macabre story of horror and coincidence in horror, *The Whitaker Negro*, in the Third. This was real, authentic Graves, the kind of experience out of which so many of his poems have been written, and which only comes to a remarkable man. But it raised a perennially fascinating problem special to radio. Mr. Graves, whose poetry means more to me than almost any other living poet's, is technically about the worst broadcaster in the world. Did this matter? I have heard him when it very obviously did. Not, I feel, here; one knew, if one knew his poetry, how personal his talk was: the voice carried echoes of the verse.

This problem of the voice in broadcasting cropped up in two other programmes, with disconcerting effect. Mr. Leonard Cottrell's feature *The Bull of Minos* was a sober and dignified account of the unearthing of the palace at Knossos, spoiled for me by what seemed a triumph of miscasting: the production included three of radio's most idiosyncratic voices, those of Mr. Esmé Percy, Mr. John Laurie and Mr. Valentine Dyall, who played small parts, Mr. Percy several. The material they had was not such in which they could submerge their own personalities and create dramatic ones; they could only remain splendidly themselves, to the detriment of the illusion.

What one wanted was the neutral tone; but there are times, as Mr. Patric Dickinson's *Wilfred Owen* showed, when that too can disconcert. *Wilfred Owen*, a scholarly, well-documented chapter of literary history, opened with a review of opinion on the poet's work. We had, among others, "Rose Macaulay wrote . . .", "Cecil Day Lewis wrote . . .", "John Lehmann wrote . . .", writers whose voices are among the best-known on the air. But we did not hear their voices; we heard their words, delivered as neutrally as possible. Short of getting them to the microphone for the occasion—which would have resulted in a different kind of programme—I don't know what else the producer could have done. To have an actress impersonate Miss Macaulay would be intolerable. Yet, once a writer's voice is familiar, a quotation from him spoken by a voice not his sounds peculiarly unreal. I suspect the only way of tackling the problem is to avoid the suggestion of dramatisation altogether, even the very subdued dramatisation of Mr. Dickinson's programme.

Some curiosities of the week. A spirited production of Chekhov's early play *On the High Road*; Chekhov writing the kind of harsh realism Gorky was to do so much more effectively. *Divided We Stand*, a dramatised incident in the life of Jefferson produced by the American National Association of Educational Broadcasters with an elegance and simplicity—a single lesson driven home by unobtrusive repetition—akin to the distinguishing qualities of the B.B.C.'s Schools broadcasts; suggesting that the N.A.E.B., like B.B.C. Schools, knows precisely what and whom it is aiming at. And, of course, the last Test Match, part of the excitement of which was seeing how on Monday afternoon programme after programme was jettisoned in favour of the commentaries. Would, one wanted to know, *Mrs. Dale* survive? But the planners had foreseen that one; with incredible prevision they have timed it to coincide with the first-class cricket tea interval.

WILLIAM SALTER

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THE MOVIES

"Roman Holiday," at the Carlton

"The Sinner," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

"The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms," at the London Pavilion

It's agreeable, before taking a short holiday from films, to see *Roman Holiday*. This is a William Wyler picture, aimed as usual at the middle-class and this time at its very diaphragm. Royalty dispensing its charms, suffering its tortures, and for a glorious twenty-four hours escaping from both; what could—in London, England, at any rate—be more calculated to win? We like (don't we?) to worship royal young women in a rather absurd way, to treat them as a cross between fairies and film-stars, and in the same instant to exclaim, "What a life, though, what a life!"

The lovely nineteen-year-old Princess Ann—Miss Audrey Hepburn, lovely indeed, and apparently nineteen—is in the direct line to something or other. She can't choose. She must embrace destiny, whereas in Rome chance offers her Mr. Gregory Peck, a far easier take. He is on the look-out for a story, she momentarily rebels. For a whole night and a day, with that innocent greed for common enjoyments which one may presume to lurk behind graciousness abounding, she has the time of her life, and he of his. She sleeps on a man's couch, dresses without aid, eats an ice-cream, gets a haircut, breaks loose on a Vespa and lands in a police station, sight-sees Rome, and ends up dancing on the Tiber: quite a nice little excursion to last a lifetime. He has got his story worth $1,500, but of course doesn't use it. And so with a long melting glance, a not-to-be half-smile and shake of the head, they part ways; and it's really been a nice little, shade too long, film. The background of palaces and streets is so pretty, and Miss Hepburn herself such a daisy, fresh and English, that one doesn't mind some spinning out.

The other two amusements are for less or more sophisticated tastes. *The Sinner*—sin, by the way, is enjoying a remarkable run at the Cameo-Poly—is a German film that tries to realise the promise of its synopsis, "Her name was Marina, she was young and beautiful—and damned. . ." She started young with a cousin, was encouraged by the example of a light mother and turned out into the snows (air raid, as a matter of fact) by a heavy father, gave herself to men, and then fell in love with a drunk painter who grew sober and lost his sight: so together they drop the tablets into the champagne. This is all enhanced by the fact that she tells us her own story in English, punctuated by moments—occasionally ecstatic moments—of dialogue. "Mother never lost heart (*shot of mother, much befurred, going out from the miserable family sitting-room and uttering a blithely Teutonic 'Bye-bye'*)" provides such a moment, and it is, irresistibly, repeated. However, I'm afraid the whole film isn't on this level; nor, for those who want sin, does it provide quite the necessary allure. *The Sinner* has a strangely old-fashioned literary approach which is the equivalent, I suppose, of a Daphne du Maurier film-novel. However, while Miss du Maurier bores me, I'm afraid, to tears, *The Sinner* distracts to laughter: and this, surely is a preferable tedium.

The beast from 20,000 fathoms comes to after being encased for 1,000,000,000 years in ice, from which mercifully an atom bomb releases him. He's quite a lively beast called a Rhedosaurus who pushes over lighthouses and snaps up ships on his way to New York. There he sniffs along the old trail of King Kong, the Martians, and others. He shows up the usual incompetence of the military, spreads a deadly disease, and is having a high old time among the switchbacks on Coney Island when our brilliant young zoologist lobs a radioactive isotope. This both finishes him off and kills the disease, and leaves us, I suppose, with the moral not to start dropping atom bombs in the Arctic Circle.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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"The School for Scandal," at the King's, Hammersmith

"What a very curious old play!" murmured Henry James to Forbes-Robertson, when he went back-stage afterwards. Mr. Baliol Holloway seems to have taken the same line in his present production. *The School for Scandal* is that rare hybrid, a high comedy of humours, and the producer, realising, perhaps, that high comedy is hardly the Wolfit company's *forte*, has very sensibly thrown it overboard and given us the humours unmixed. The result is rewarding: we enjoy the play from an entirely new perspective, while realising how much, without the trimmings, Sheridan falls below Congreve. This, of course, is unfair: Sheridan is no faint fag-end of the Restoration drama; he is the culmination of the new middle-class theatre that begins with Lillo's *London Merchant*. Lady Sneerwell and her set have none of the Carlton House *bon ton*: they belong to the social surround—the world of City knights' relicts and little, fat Nabobs. Mr. Wolfit's Sir Peter makes an excellent centrepiece for this conception. Having puffed and tutted a great deal too much at his first entrance, he is admirable for the rest of the evening. In the screen scene he is magnificent: the whole pathos of cuckoldry is in his face and gait. Rosalind Iden, as Lady Teazle, is sadly astray until she steps from behind the screen. Then her performance, like Lady Teazle's character, is suddenly transformed. Other humours clash a little too noisily. Dorothy Green's Lady Sneerwell is almost buried beneath the onslaught of Ellen Pollock's unflagging but overdone Mrs. Candour. An amusing Backbite and Crabtree, an excellent Joseph (Michael Blythe) and a dashing Charles Surface (David Oxley) compensate for a good many shortcomings.

J. N. B. R.

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Correspondence

NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—The cry goes up "How long, O Lord, how long." Since William Poel in 1900 and the first grant in aid by Carl Meyer, the idea has been battened on by every politically minded intruder into the world of the theatre, whilst the leading actors of the day cry in the wilderness advice and prophecy that goes unheeded.

I have been present at the laying of two foundation stones, in South Kensington and the Festival site, and spent many hours of precious instruction with William Poel, who just had the vision and was himself an actor, producer and man of genius.

In the hearts of the theatre-goers of this country there is, and has been for two centuries, one place, one building and one only acknowledged to be the National Theatre—the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. It has everything required including magnificent acoustics, ample stage, storage, workshops and majesty. Why should it not be purchased by the Government? Why? Millions of pounds are squandered annually on less worthy objects. But like Granville Barker and a host of others we of this generation will break our hearts for want of a proper home, whilst this endless bureaucratic procrastination bedevils the whole issue.

DONALD WOLFIT

GEORGE ORWELL

SIR,—Mr. Richard Mayne, in attacking my pamphlet on George Orwell, claims to speak on behalf of "the youngest generation of writers." But he has evidently not read my pamphlet, and it seems he cannot have read Orwell either.

I did not "applaud *Animal Farm* as charming": I said it was Orwell's "finest book." It was Orwell, not myself, who said of *1984*: "It wouldn't have been so gloomy if I hadn't been so ill." Orwell had no "distaste for the 'featherbed' of proletarian hedonism" so that I could not "deprecate this as a betrayal," even if I wanted to. On the contrary, in certain moments Orwell longed to relax upon this "featherbed." I did not "diagnose as obsessive Orwell's angry preoccupation with snobbery"—though in fact I see little difference between the "angry preoccupation" Mr. Mayne admits, and the "obsessive" he invents in order to denounce. What I wrote was that, after Orwell's experiences in the Spanish war, "much of his painful concern over class and money values has been shrugged off in face of more actual troubles"—that is, almost exactly the opposite of what Mr. Mayne says I wrote. His suggestion that anyone prefers Orwell dead is contemptible as well as silly.

One of Orwell's weaknesses was a tendency to overflow an opponent's point of view in a loose tirade of opinion. His strength was that a deep concern for truth never allowed him to repose on such sham feats of arms. He was continually coming back to find out what was valid in the position he had just attacked.

This love of truth makes Orwell a noble figure among writers of our day, but a poor hobby-horse for those with fixed opinions or personal indignations which they wish to exercise.

5 Stanhope Place, W.2. TOM HOPKINSON

"FIRST READING"

SIR,—(1) A junior lecturer at an average provincial university is paid rather better than any but the most veteran and philoprogenitive of bus-conductors; he works perhaps 6 hours a week against the conductor's 40 (he may of course spend many more than that 40 in reading, writing or research, but that is his affair, not the university's); and he takes six months' holiday in the year.

If, further, his academic appointment "debars him from his intellectual independence," God help him and God help those he is supposed to instruct. And if he "happens" to live in a slum-clearance bungalow, he is always free to exercise his will in finding himself living-quarters more appropriate to his sensibility. I speak, needless to say, "as" a provincial don, though if Mr. Wain's generalities be really true, I appear not at all to live like one.

Tutors in Oxford and Cambridge, incidentally, work very much harder in term than their provincial equivalents.

(2) "Provincial," in Mr. Lehmann's pejorative sense, can I suppose be defined only negatively, as, for example, "ignorant of, or uninfluenced by, the literary fashions of the capital." But *if* it is to mean this, it is still not the best of words for the purpose. The ignorance, at any rate, is surely a matter of class and education rather than of residence. We do not label Jane Austen a provincial, and we do not because she was a lady and had the education and outlook of one: and Lawrence would have been no less invincibly a "provincial" had he been the son of a Covent Garden porter. I am more inclined to think that the term is merely Mr. Fraser's gentle and fatherly gloss for "incompetent." And no doubt (I speak now as a contributor) a majority of the items in *First Reading were* reasonably incompetent, though scarcely more so than those of the average "literary" magazine at the present.

So be it. I wonder, however, whether, had any of the poetry at least been very well rather than badly written, Mr. Massingham would himself have had the "competence" to have detected this.

87 Finborough Road, HILARY CORKE
Kensington, S.W.10.

SIR,—As Critic says, the point at issue is in danger of being lost. May I be as simple and brief as possible?

Whatever the point at issue may be in Mr. Dawson's mind, in mine it is what it has been from the start, namely, the quality of *First Reading*. Mr. John Wain has now invited those of us who do not like his programme to switch off. He would have every right to do so if *First Reading* were a privately sponsored magazine. The B.B.C., however, is a public body with a public responsibility to the world of letters, particularly in the encouraging of new writing. Mr. Wain at present holds a virtual monopoly in this field, and is using it to illustrate private theories.

Mr. Wain detects sinister anti-academic motives in my previous letter. I would assure him that my criticism was not directed against the academic mind (I am careful not to write "don") participating to the full in the development of creative writing, but against a literary closed shop based, not on imaginative talent, but on "tendencies." Mr. Dawson only makes matters worse by stating that, "Probably Mr. Wain was limited in his choice chiefly to writers with whom he was acquainted"! Such limitations are of an editor's own making.

Finally, I fail to see what the author of *Down and Outs in Paris and London* has in common with *First Reading* but Mr. Richard Mayne has my word for it that I shall be among the first to applaud the appearance of any new writer with the "honesty, intelligence and guts" of George Orwell, be he don or sanitary engineer. I do not, however, expect to find him in the remaining editions of *First Reading*.

ALBERT HUNT
Edinburgh.

SIR,—As a member of one provincial university, Oxford, and as one acquainted with another, Cambridge, I must claim that the word "don" is often employed and causes the layman no embarrassment. Perhaps Mr. Dawson is thinking of the metropolitan university of London.

Rome. GRAHAM GREENE

CHALLENGE TO McCARTHY

SIR,—In your issue of July 25, your correspondent presented an admirably clear description and interpretation of my testimony before the McCarthy Committee on July 14. While expressing my appreciation and gratitude, may I, at the same time, call the attention of your readers to the magnificent stand taken by another witness on the same day, Mr. Harvey O'Connor, author of *Mellon's Millions*, *The Astors*, *The Guggenheims*, and other first-rate works of social criticism.

Mr. O'Connor issued a clear-cut challenge to the Congressional inquisitors. He refused to answer any

questions on the ground that "My political affiliations or lack of political affiliations are no legitimate concern of this Committee." His stand was based, as was mine, on the contention that the Committee was in violation of the First Amendment and was exceeding its powers as defined by the Resolution creating it.

Mr. O'Connor went further than I in his defiance. Mine was a limited challenge in that I was trying to lay the basis for a successful court test if, as I fully expected, I should be cited for contempt as an aftermath of the hearing. I, therefore, answered some questions and refused to answer others. O'Connor, on the other hand, went all the way. He answered not at all.

As it turned out, I was not cited for contempt; O'Connor was. It is now up to Attorney-General Brownell to move for an indictment against O'Connor. If Brownell seeks and obtains the indictment, and if O'Connor loses the case, he will go to jail. On the other hand, if O'Connor wins the case, he will have struck a vital blow at the whole legal foundation of the Inquisition.

I. F. Stone said in his *Weekly* of July 25: "Should O'Connor be indicted, the stage will be set for a fundamental battle against McCarthy and McCarthyism, in which every American who cares for freedom must support Harvey O'Connor." O'Connor now has been indicted, and the time has come for Americans who believe in freedom to stand up and be counted. Any of your American readers who want to help in O'Connor's defence can get in touch with me.

66 Barrow Street, New York. LEO HUBERMAN

CANAL ZONE BLUES

SIR,—On reading Mr. John Strachey's remarks in his article entitled "Challenge to Britain"—in your issue of August 15—I realise that at least one person knows the conditions under which we in the Canal Zone have to live. To say "troops . . . are being forced to exist in the most adverse conditions imaginable . . ." just about sums up the situation. Here are a few of those adverse conditions:—

1. For the majority of troops, there is nothing to do all day but paint the guns and vehicles—scrape the paint off—and paint them again. And if it isn't painting, it's digging holes.

2. The temperature in the sun is often between 110-120 deg. F. Believe me, I don't envy anyone who has to do any physical work in that temperature.

3. Because of the intense shortage of transport, and the fact that, after dark, two cars must travel together, we are, for all intents and purposes, confined to camp—and if there is transport, there is only the occasional film to go to; or, if one is lucky, there is a club. The absence of entertainment is perhaps the most frustrating part of life in the Zone.

4. The Egyptians curse our being here. It is not pleasant to see men "cut their throats with their finger" or shout mockingly at you as you ride by in a car. Although, from the military point of view, we may be superior to the Egyptians, individually, we realise how insecure we are. It only needs one bullet or one knife . . . but who cares about the individual?

But what hurts me most about being here, is the absolute uselessness of everything. Here we are—80,000 troops—doing nothing but praying that time will fly so that we may, one day, return to civilisation.

If only those members of Parliament who are responsible for us being here would come to a typical army unit in the Canal Zone and live and work here, as we are doing! But of course, they wouldn't dream of that—there is the cannon fodder to do the dirty work.

OFFICER

Canal Zone.

"CHINA THROUGH INDIAN EYES"

SIR,—The article entitled "China Through Indian Eyes," by Raja Hutheesing, in your issue of August 8, contains more mis-statements than can be allowed to pass. To deal with three only:—

(1) "Progress is not so much a movement towards better agriculture and industrial development as the fruit of law and order enforced by a dictatorship."

Anyone who is inclined to believe this would do well to seek enlightenment by reading one of the books now available on the economic, social and political results of the revolution in China—such, for instance, as *Daybreak in China* by another of your contributors, Basil Davidson.

(2) "Communist policy has deprived the country of the opportunity of assistance except from the U.S.S.R."

The embargoes which hamper British and other foreign businessmen in their efforts to trade with China are a part of Western (American), not "Communist," policy.

(3) "Tibet, Indo-China, Siam and Malaya all show signs of the stresses from which they suffer and which an aggressive Chinese policy has created."

It would be interesting to know what your regular contributor on South-East Asian affairs has to say about this fantastic assertion. The writer omits from his catalogue the only country in South-East Asia of which it might be said to be true, namely Burma, in respect of the aggression committed by the American-backed Chinese *Kuomintang* forces under General Li Mi: they have certainly helped to increase the stresses in Burma.

Perhaps the feeling that China's revolution has won for her from India the leadership of Asia is responsible for the attitude of mind which leads your contributor to make such wild statements, but there is plenty of evidence to suggest that most of his countrymen would be glad to follow the Chinese lead if they were given the chance, however much he and those who think like him would regret it.

4 Victoria Street, Cambridge. H. D. BRYAN

(H.M. Foreign Service, Retired: First Secretary, H.M. Embassy Nanking 1946-50 and Peking 1950-51.)

BUCHAREST FESTIVAL

SIR,—I found Mr. MacKenzie's report on the Bucharest "Youth Festival" most interesting and intelligent. Nevertheless, I should like to point out that if "it was an extraordinary chance to see from the inside what looks so puzzling from without," I do not quite understand why it is so "*strange* that so few journalists and observers from the West took advantage of it." The reason is however very simple: they were not allowed to take "advantage" of this occasion. For instance, if he opens the *Manchester Guardian* of August 1 he will learn that "in common with a number of other papers the *Manchester Guardian* was officially invited to send a correspondent; but in spite of repeated cables no Rumanian visa for its representative has yet been granted." Nor did the B.B.C.'s representative ever receive his Rumanian visa. The same accident happened to the representative of the French paper *Le Monde*.

Let us hope that Mr. MacKenzie will have the "extraordinary chance" to go back to Bucharest in four or six months. It will certainly be enlightening to read his article then.

London, S.W.5. D. NORMAN

[Mr. MacKenzie writes: "I do not know who issued invitations or refused visas for Bucharest. I was not invited. I simply applied in the normal way for a visa. Reuters, the *Daily Express* and *The Times* also sent correspondents, apparently without difficulty, as did the *New York Times*, the *New Yorker*, United Press, Associated Press, and other non- and even anti-Communist newspapers from Western Germany, Scandinavia and Japan, to mention only those correspondents whom I met personally. As Mr. Norman will realise when he reads two articles of mine that will appear in coming issues, I am aware that I was seeing Bucharest under special conditions. This seemed better than not seeing it at all."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE GREEK DISASTER

SIR,—The recent appalling earthquake disaster which struck the Ionian Islands of Greece came at a time when that country was still heroically struggling to recover from the widespread devastation of the war and its aftermath. Not only has there been a tragic loss of life. Whole towns and villages have been destroyed, and many scores of thousands of people have lost their homes and possessions.

A Greek Earthquake Appeal has therefore been launched by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Halifax, the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Clement Davies and myself, through which the people of this country may contribute money for the purchase of such materials, equipment and tools as will be needed for the restoration of the islanders' homes and livelihood. Sir Charles Peake, the British Ambassador in Athens, will be advising us as to the particular supplies that are most needed and will undertake their delivery to the Greek Authorities.

An Appeal Office has been opened at 20 Gordon Square, W.C.1. (Telephone Euston 8591). Contributions may be sent to this address, or may be handed in to any branch bank throughout the country.

I feel sure that the people of this country, remembering how generously others contributed to the relief of our own flood disaster, will not be slow to respond with equal warmth to this appeal for Greece in her recent catastrophe.

Greek Earthquake Appeal Committee PHILIP NOEL-BAKER *Chairman*

TEST OF MEMORY

SIR,—Critic's "greatest of all Australian teams" must be that of 1909. Bardsley and C. G. Macartney were not here in 1905; and Cotter, who was a fast bowler, did not return to us in 1912. In the passage of 46 years the name of the captain has slipped through the meshes of Critic's memory: he was M. A. Noble, whom many good judges consider the greatest of captains, and I believe that he was responsible for introducing the great scorer Ferguson to the arduous job he still retains.

Dipping into records—especially those just outside one's own horizon—can be enormous fun: I commend to enthusiasts *Wisden* dated 1896, which is a rich and rewarding mine. It is a pleasure to see Critic discard his black cloak and become a little boy again; and I readily forgive him for mis-spelling my famous namesake.

IAN MACARTNEY

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JONATHAN CAPE

Books in General

TROTSKY tells how, when he first visited England, Lenin took him round London and, pointing out the sights, exclaimed: "That's *their* Westminster Abbey! That's *their* Houses of Parliament!" Lenin was making a class, not a national, emphasis. By *them* he meant not the English, but the governing classes, the Establishment. And indeed in no other European country is the Establishment so clearly defined and so complacently secure. The Victorians spoke of the classes and the masses; and we still understand exactly what they meant. The Establishment talks with its own branded accent; eats different meals at different times; has its privileged system of education; its own religion, even, to a large extent, its own form of football. Nowhere else in Europe can you discover a man's social position by exchanging a few words or breaking bread with him. The Establishment is enlightened; tolerant; even well-meaning. It has never been exclusive—drawing in recruits from outside, as soon as they are ready to conform to its standards and become respectable. There is nothing more agreeable in life than to make peace with the Establishment—and nothing more corrupting.

The Establishment made nearly all our history and nearly all our literature. But what of those outside, the nameless many? It is characteristic of their fate that even when they found a name for themselves as the Commons of England, this was at once appropriated by the most privileged assembly in the world. Not only anonymous, they are also silent: "we are the people of England, that never have spoken yet." Yet silent is the wrong word; inarticulate would be better. For outside the snug structure of the Establishment, there is always a vague movement—sometimes no more than a rustle, often a breeze, very occasionally a real storm. But rarest of all are the moments when the sound becomes an articulate voice, pronouncing recognisable words. It is not enough to be risen from the people; the writer must still think as they do, though expressing himself more clearly. There was never a writer of more impeccably popular origin, for instance, than D. H. Lawrence; but his spirit soon took on an alien tinge, and his later inarticulate phase was not at all like public-house conversation. Nor is it enough to have advanced or revolutionary ideas. Republicanism has often been aristocratic since the days of Algernon Sydney; and our most revolutionary poet was the son of a baronet. It is not really possible to rouse a working-class audience by reciting either Shelley or Swinburne, though I have seen the experiment tried; the audience preferred Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The spokesmen of the Commons of England can be numbered on the fingers of one hand; they earn recognition even if they speak only a few words. John Ball has to carry the Middle Ages almost alone. We have to wait until the seventeenth century for a real democratic movement, obtruding itself into the Civil War between the King and the magnates. Our own preoccupation with social questions has led us to exaggerate the importance of the Diggers; and we perhaps fail to see that the more profound revolutionaries are to be found in the religious sectaries. John Bunyan is the first great English writer who owed nothing to the Establishment; and *Pilgrim's Progress* is the most subversive tract ever written. For Bunyan did not merely hate Vanity Fair; he rejoiced to be outside it. This democracy made but a brief stir. After the battle of Sedgemoor the people of England disappear from history for more than a hundred years; and we shall never discover the subterranean channels which perhaps connected the Independents of Cromwell's time with the Radicals of Peterloo. Tom Paine was the first to break the long silence; and broke it so effectively that he is still frowned on by respectable historians.

He was followed by a greater writer, though an inferior thinker. William Cobbett was the common man, suddenly grown articulate. Apart from a supreme gift of expression, he had nothing—no ideas, no policy, not even the ability to get on with others. It is fitting that the latest book about him should be no more than an annotated list of his writings*, for Cobbett was a torrent of printed words. He began as a Tory; he became a radical Reformer. Both political descriptions are irrelevant to his real outlook. He hated the Establishment—the Thing. At first he hoped to escape from it by returning to an imaginary past; later he hoped to destroy it in an equally imaginary future. But he was more concerned to strike against it in the present. His first appearance was as a barrack-room lawyer, and he had always the popular taste for litigation. He went to law with his printers, his partners, his creditors, with great statesmen, finally with members of his own family. He was self-taught in law and in politics, as well as in writing; and always unshakably self-confident in his own cause. Not only did he know best how England should be run. He also knew best how houses should be heated, what crops should be grown, what clothes should be worn. The reader who is to enjoy his writings must accept unquestioningly that Cobbett is always right—as much in his obscure feuds as in great issues of public policy: Lord Sidmouth and the Botley parson; Sir Francis Burdett and Sir Robert Peel—all must be consigned to outer darkness. Cobbett was always being cheated; always battling against great odds; always being threatened with the majesty of the law—yet always turning up remarkably successful in no time.

The *Political Register* was the first popular newspaper. Its secret was to express, clearly and forcefully, what every labouring man obscurely felt. Cobbett's political programme was simple. It was that Government should cease to exist, and the Thing along with it. The National Debt should be repudiated—with some compensation to small holders; the army disbanded; the civil service wound up. Then taxes could be ended; and everyone would be prosperous. It is only our unconscious allegiance to the Thing which makes us think these ideas preposterous. In reality, they are the politics of every natural man. Andrew Jackson applied them almost contemporaneously in the United States with extreme success; the Capital Levy was a basic part of the Labour Party's programme, in the days when it was Socialist; and even to the present day the Swiss manage to be the best defended State in Europe without any army in our sense at all. If we did not have to carry the incubus of the gentry, the clubs and bishops, *The Times*—Cobbett's "bloody old *Times*"—and the public schools, we should be nearly as prosperous as Cobbett wanted us to be. Unfortunately, if you knock one Thing down, another bobs up. The United States and the Soviet Union both prove it in their separate ways.

Cobbett was against the Thing; he was on the side of the labouring people. This is far from saying that he had any idea of a new social order, or indeed of any social order at all. He thought that the farmer and his labourers, or for that matter the factory-owner and his workers, were on the same side. He, too, was a master and an employer. Though he refused to accept letters addressed to "William Cobbett, Esq.," he always described himself in his writings as "Mr. Cobbett"; yet, when he wrote to his farm-labourer, began abruptly, "Marshall!" Attwood argued rightly that his insistence on an undiluted gold currency would retard the development of industry; and Cobbett thought this all to the good. He always refused to admit that the population of England was increasing. He held that it had been greater in the Middle Ages and proved it by calculating how many people the village churches would hold, if they were packed to the doors. He invented an extraordinary version of the past in his *History of the Protestant Reformation*. Mr. Pearl says that his *Advice to Young Men* is "an essentially modern book", but really it is neither ancient nor modern. It is advice about how to have a good life without being associated with the Thing. Cobbett did not advise his young man to be educated at Winchester or to join the Fabian Society or to oppose sponsored television; in fact he did not give good advice for those who wish to become Labour Cabinet Ministers.

Yet it will not do to turn Cobbett into a popular saint. The Thing gets hold of you, even if you kick against it; indeed the Thing shows its greatest skill in rewarding its opponents. Cobbett became a respected and admired character even in his lifetime. Hazlitt canonised him as the representative Englishman; the Steam Intellect Society reprinted his pamphlets; and he ended as a Member of Parliament, put in by a wealthy radical mill-owner. His son, starting as a Chartist delegate, ended as a Conservative M.P., supporting Disraeli; and his descendants were pillars of Manchester conservatism. Cobbett always presented himself as a farmer, who had taken to writing as a side-line. Like most agricultural experts, he does not seem to have known much about practical farming. His various farms were no great success; and he made money, apart from journalism, by running a seedsman's shop in Kensington. *Rural Rides* is one of the greatest books written in English; but its title gives it away. It describes the visits of a town-dweller to the country, not the country seen and felt from inside; it is the hiker's pocket-companion. Anyone who tries to follow the advice of *Cottage Economy* condemns himself to a laborious life; and Cobbett himself got up early

* *William Cobbett: A Bibliographical Account of his Life and Times.* By M. L. PEARL. *Oxford.* 25s.

in the morning to write pamphlets, not to brew beer.

The contradictions of Cobbett are best shown in the parable of the Indian corn. Cobbett came back from America as great an advocate of maize as of democracy; and in subsequent years he put as much energy into preaching its virtues as into attacking the Thing. Maize is not a reliable or profitable crop in the English climate, as Cobbett could have learnt from any practical farmer. It has never been grown extensively in our fields. But seedsmen produce a delicate variety for private gardens; and what Cobbett advocated as a staple food for the labouring poor has become an exotic delicacy at the tables of cosmopolitan epicures.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

CANZON

When Spring airs fondle
And the nightingale
In the olivaster
Harbours and sings,
And the moon's candle
Numinous and pale
Hangs high to foster
Increase of things—

My heart discourses
Contrariwise;
How beauty is fallible
In all her pride;
The season passes;
Embrowns the rose;
Nothing perdurable,
Things faint and fade.

Thus our mortality
Fortune derides;
For love's mutations
We learn to weep;
And no sodality
But it corrodes
Through Time's collusions,
Darkness, and sleep.

So we, being homeless,
When Spring rides high
Should make obeisance
In her cool vault
To the grave goddess
Of the moonless sky,
That her beneficence
Go not by default.

It is convenient
We take this guise
To hold her revered;
That, in all terms,
She may be lenient,
And we, likewise,
Not unprepared
When Winter comes.

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

THE GARAGE IN THE HEADLAMPS

This seems a stage for some forbidding dream,
A room with three sides, or a caving shed
Where pale perspectives cripple in a beam
A captive person blurred about the head.

As we approach, the blinded burrow grows,
With screws of paper and a smell of cat
And crumpled rags concealing, we suppose,
Some prisoner, a presence or a rat.

Now as we switch the engine off and wait,
Relieved to find no horror hump the floor,
A passer-by sees, from the garden-gate,
The eerie trap inhabited once more.

DONALD DAVIE

THE LOWER CRITICISM

The Other Side of the Story. By RUPERT FURNEAUX. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

After reading Eisler, Klausner, Brandon, and other modern New Testament critics, Mr. Furneaux has been converted to the view that the Canonical Gospels disguise both the Pharisaic orthodoxy and the uncompromising nationalism of the Nazarene movement, and that the Pauline Christ was an altogether different character from the Jesus known to His chosen disciples. He preaches this view with journalistic zeal but, despite the excitement which his publishers have tried to generate on the wrapper of the book—"once censored—long suppressed—now reconstructed"—I cannot find that he has made a single original contribution to the problem, taken the least trouble to check his sources, or become aware of the all-important *cruces* that his authorities have by-passed. Here are a few sample sentences, culled from the book. It would be a pity if they persuaded readers to reject its main thesis, which is sound enough, and not his own; but I shall take the risk.

> It is seldom realised that Jesus had a number of brothers and sisters . . . By *Mark* and *Luke* four brothers are named: James, Joseph, Simon and Judas. James lived for forty years after Jesus died at the age of approximately fifty.

This is to identify "James the Brother of Our Lord" or "James the Just" with Jesus's Galilean brother James. But if Jesus was a descendant of David, as his grand-nephews in the male line claimed to be when examined under Domitian, then James the Just, who according alike to Christian and Jewish tradition was a Temple priest, cannot have been his brother. Only Levites were priests, and the House of David was non-Levitical. Nor does Mr. Furneaux show good reason for rejecting both the Gospel testimony that Jesus had reached "about his thirtieth year" by the time of his baptism, which was certainly not twenty years before the Crucifixion, and the Talmudic testimony that he died before he reached the age of thirty-five.

> There is no Gospel evidence that Jesus himself baptised or advocated baptism.

According to *John*, Jesus insists in his talk with Nicodemus on the need of baptism, and allows his disciples to baptise more people than the Baptist himself.

> *Luke*'s story of the Galileans whose blood was mingled with their sacrifices, and those on whom the Tower of Siloam fell, killing many, has been shown by Dr. Eisler to refer to incidents during the suppression of the rising that followed upon the triumphant entry into Jerusalem.

This is not so. Eisler correctly associates the first of these events with Josephus's account of the mass-protest made by Galilean pilgrims, apparently at the Feast of Tabernacles, not the Passover, when Pilate appropriated Temple Funds for building the Bethlehem aqueduct; but his speculative reference of the second event to the same occasion does not pass critical muster. If, as he suggests, a party of Galilean rebels seized the Jerusalem water-tower, which Pilate then demolished with battering rams, why has Josephus omitted this important event from his history of the Jewish Wars? The true meaning seems to be that a few Jewish labourers were killed by the collapse of one of the aqueduct piers, an accident which Jesus was asked to read as a divine judgment on them for assisting Pilate.

> The money-changers exchanged at a profit Roman coins for Jewish money, without which the sacrificial offerings could not be purchased.

Except for Herod's copper coinage, no Jewish money was minted. The changers' task was to examine, assay and weigh the coins of many nations proffered by pilgrims. No coin which failed to pass the agreed silver or gold standard, or which bore a technically blasphemous inscription, could be passed. Change for coins of large denominations, weighed for their intrinsic value, was supplied in the form of smaller coins—Roman, Greek, Parthian, and suchlike—of approved weight, standard and device.

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"Judas Iscariot, a man of Kerioth, a place quite unknown." Kerioth was a reputable city of Judaea, mentioned in the *Book of Joshua*.

"Jesus said at his trial: Yea; I *am* King." What he really said in answer to Pilate's: "Art thou the King of the Jews?" was: "Thou savest," which in Aramaic does not mean "yes," as it does in Greek, but "the words are yours," with the implication: "I refrain from comment."

Paul was educated at Jerusalem as a disciple of the Pharisee Gamaliel.

Highly improbable, despite Paul's rhetorical claim to that effect. Gamaliel was a Supreme Court Judge, and his select school of pupils, destined for a legal career, were famous for their extensive and accurate knowledge of the Hebrew scriptures. Yet whenever Paul quoted the Old Testament, he used the Greek Septuagint translation, even where it diverged from the Hebrew original, and had no patience with the niceties of the Law.

Paul died in Rome, having publicly acknowledged the supremacy of the leaders at Jerusalem, and his own defeat.

Accused at Jerusalem of having defiled the Temple while ostensibly performing a purificatory penance recommended by the Church leaders, Paul would have been tried by the Jewish Sanhedrin, or Supreme Court, on a capital charge, had not the Roman military commander been persuaded to take him under strong escort to the garrison city of Caesarea; where he appealed to Caesar. Since the Apostles acknowledged the Sanhedrin's religious authority, as Jesus had taught them to do, and since the Sanhedrin repudiated Caesar's capacity to act as appeal judge in a religious case, Paul saved his skin at the cost of a complete break with the Jerusalem Church. At Rome, secure in the knowledge that the charge could not be pressed against him for technical reasons, and not in the least abashed by the turn events had taken, he preached in a sense directly opposed to that of the Apostles. They insisted on full and joyful obedience to the Law; he now insisted that Jesus had abrogated it.

A final warning to the innocent public. The heavily censored page of Hebrew, reproduced on the back of the wrapper which might well be mistaken for the suppressed Gospel truth, is really part of a fourteenth-century religious code and does not in any way refer to Jesus, the Christian Church or Christianity in general.

ROBERT GRAVES

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THE SECRET GYPSY

Gypsy Borrow. By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD. *Dobson.* 15s.

The usual definition of George Borrow is that he was an original and histrionic sentimentalist, an Englishman with a touch of the Celt, who played, sometimes, at being a gypsy. Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald is of the opposite view: that Borrow was a full-blooded gypsy who played at being an Englishman. The gypsy in Borrow has been written off by his biographers, this writer says, simply because they knew nothing about the race.

There is certainly plenty of room for speculation about George Borrow, for he was a mystery-making narrator of his own life and mixed up fact and fiction. Some writers have treated him as a major liar, and others have pointed out that the lying, combined with the exhibitionist manner, account for the pasteboard romanticism of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*. That famous passage about "the wind on the heath," falls falsely on a contemporary ear and we mistrust the very literary young tinker who broke Isopel Berners's spirit by showing off his Latin and his Armenian to her in the dingle. We would trust Borrow a great deal more if he were not always right, always on top, always declaiming, always inflating himself. But inquiry has identified Isopel Berners, and a suppressed page of *The Romany Rye* was discovered by Knapp which suggested a more natural account of Borrow's relations with her. Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald's opinion is that Borrow comes fairly close to the truth about his life; and if, for example, Borrow is cagey about names and hazy about dates, this is a gypsy trait. Like the gypsies, he has an infallible and remarkable memory for distances, and for places and people far away in time. The famous incident when the tinker says he will give him his pony if Borrow can guess his name, which he successfully does, is, for Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald, an example of Borrow's natural gypsy memory. Richard Ford, who knew gypsies well, took it for granted that Borrow was of the tribe. So did Hawthorne.

But these details are incidental to a far bolder and more ingenious theory in which, admittedly, there are many holes. Nothing can be done with Borrow's father, the militia Captain. He was a Cornishman and had no swarthy gypsy appearance; if he was without the aristocratic connections Borrow claimed for him, he was an industrious and wonderfully successful soldier. He is, indeed, known to have quarrelled a good deal with his second son and to have declared that he could hardly believe George, the shiftless, unsettled and truculent boy, was any son of his. We have only *Lavengro's* word for this overheard conversation, and it is the kind of thing which exasperated fathers are always saying about difficult sons. That is as far as Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald can get with the Captain. His ingenuity appears when he considers Ann Perfrement, Borrow's mother. She is always described as a descendant of Huguenots, the daughter of a small Norfolk farmer and when Captain Borrow met her, she was an actress in a touring company. Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald suggests that the farm was a fiction, or a mere grazing patch of common land, that its landlord bore a well-known gypsy name. The Perfrements cannot be traced because they were on the move, and far from being Huguenots, they were probably what simple country people called Hungarians or gypsies. The word Huguenot—as Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald is able to show—was often interchangeable with Hungarian, among the roadsters and country poor. So Ann Perfrement becomes a gypsy girl travelling with barn-storming players; I can't see why Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald wants to spoil all this by guessing that George Borrow was her son by a gypsy lover and not the Captain of militia.

The interest of the theory, if it is true, is that it explains the evasiveness of Borrow and would give authenticity to things which are felt to be fiction. It suggests a new interpretation of Borrow's case, for he was obviously a psychopath and the prey to violent inner conflict. Some biographers, when this was the fashion, used to set him down as a sexually impotent man with a mother-fixation; and his nervous breakdowns, the attacks of "the horrors" he is known to have suffered from, have been traced to this situation. Others have noted his notorious persecution mania, his aggressive over-compensations. But psychological speculation about the dead soon becomes wild and pretentious, if only because o the scarcity of evidence. An inner conflict about his race, a consciousness of half shameful alien blood which caused crises in the family, is a more concrete psychological malady. Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald "feels convinced," but his conviction is no more than a hunch.

The theory has had the merit of provoking a light and lively work of detection which brings out Borrow's character in a sympathetic way. On Borrow as a writer, Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald seems to me indiscriminate in his enthusiasm, but he is right about his chief virtue: that he has a minute memory and, at his best, writes direct from life, disguising rather than inventing his story. The fight with the Flaming Tinman is excellent, and if the declamatory part of Borrow is outlandish and sometimes tedious, the small daily detail is close to nature. Borrow succeeds when Borrow is in abeyance, except as an invisible driving force of great vitality. His instinctive observation of the tough side of English wandering life, and his power of identification with it, are native; he is a very quick reader of minds, in an aggressive way. After one has allowed for the boasting and the showing off, one is left with a considerable English eccentric and a quantity of strange and truthfully presented characters and events. One or two—the Tinman and his moll or the diabolical Mrs. Herne—are superbly done. But if racial generalisations mean anything, Borrow might just as well be a difficult Cornishman, as a secret gypsy.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW NOVELS

Too Late the Phalarope. By ALAN PATON. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

The Chariot. By FRANCIS STUART. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

Digby. By DAVID WALKER. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.

Until the Phœnix. By F. S. CHANG. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

The penalty of reviewing novels once in three weeks is that one tends never to read two-thirds of the interesting novels that are published; I have never read *Cry the Beloved Country*, which a colleague in these columns described as being "impressive because of the moral distinction of the author's mind, his charity and pity." Many similar tributes were paid to this famous book, and one turns to its successor with deep interest and curiosity. When a first novel which is a celebrated best-seller is followed by a successor, there is a special reason for curiosity. A work of art is the product of a relationship between the artist and his material, and the material may play a very important part in the relationship. A great and deeply-felt experience of war, say, or of persecution, can draw moving and exciting work (at a certain level) from a man who is not really a writer, an artist, at all. What, we ask, as we look at the jacket of *Too Late the Phalarope*, is Mr. Paton?

The answer is that he is deeply professional,

learned in the art of the novel, heavily armed with method. To put it more crudely, he knows every trick of the trade. Thus the story of *Too Late the Phalarope* is told largely by Sophie, the aunt of the hero, an elderly Afrikaner woman. But it is also told partly by the hero himself, the Police Lieutenant Pieter van Vlaanderen, D.S.O., possible Captain of the Springboks. A Buchan character, Pieter, tall and clean-limbed from the grasslands, a crack shot and a good man over the sticks, but the mess he gets into is strictly non-Buchan. To tell it briefly he is attacked by lust for a native girl and sleeps with her on two occasions. This is a breach of the South African Immorality Act of 1927, but in van Vlaanderen circles it is worse. It is the ultimate betrayal, the sin against the Holy Ghost. Pieter's father, the patriarch, strikes his name from the family Bible, turns his face to the wall, and dies. For the whole family the situation is one of utter catastrophic ruin. What we have, then, is an Aristotelian tragedy of the Afrikaner Bible Belt, told in a measured Biblical-poetical language which has considerable dignity and eloquence.

I don't think it quite comes off. Mr. Paton has a good deal of power, but not enough to force the validity of his frame of moral reference upon a modern world which has moved a long way from it. It will be hard for English readers—it is hard even for a Scots reviewer—to take rugby football with South African seriousness as an ingredient in tragedy. And personally I cannot help feeling that wherever there is a strong Kirk Session, there will always be found a recalcitrant Scot reading Burns; with this figure of my imagination I share the feeling that *Too Late the Phalarope* is a terrible stramash to make about a wee lapse with a wee black lassie.

Mr. Francis Stuart is another writer who, like Mr. Paton, has won extraordinary tributes. Sir Compton Mackenzie and the *British Weekly* have mentioned Dostoievsky, and others have not been far behind. Here again I have missed the author's earlier works, and must confine myself to his current offering. *The Chariot* does not seem to me to invite comparison with the work of any writer of the stature of Dostoievsky, but by its subject (or rather interwoven subjects—extreme poverty and the love of a "good man" for a prostitute) it occasionally calls to mind the work of Orwell, Mr. Somerset Maugham in *Cakes and Ale*, and Mr. Patrick Hamilton. And if comparisons are made I should say that Mr. Stuart comes out without any special credit. Amos, a middle-aged and unsuccessful writer, makes contact with Lena, a new and not yet hardened street-walker. He is horribly poor, but he invites Lena and her mother to stay with him. They have many adventures, but eventually settle down to a reasonable prospect of a decent and happy life together. Mr. Stuart is not bad on the shifts and humiliations of extreme poverty, but Orwell was far, far better—for example in *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*. Again, although *The Chariot* is described by the publishers as "the story of a prostitute saved by a good man," Lena appears as a prostitute by necessity and accident only; she has almost none of the characteristics—the drifting amorality, the combination of greed and hardness and amiability and laziness, shrewdness and dimness—of the natural prostitute as described in Mr. Maugham and Mr. Hamilton, or for that matter in *Manon Lescaut*.

With *Digby* we move into another world, without any pretensions to serious meaning. Digby Ross, a successful young-middle-aged American executive of Scottish descent, gets tired of the plush-lined rut, quarrels with his wife and sets off for the Highlands. Here he falls in with his cousin, an Anglo-Indian colonel type, with the Head Ghillie, the Minister, an impoverished Scottish peer, and a nymphomaniac chief, Fiona Kilburnie of the Birks, Chief of Clan Kilburnie, Hereditary Keeper of the Royal Stags. After various ups and downs and ins and outs all ends happily. Mr. Walker has a gift for light entertainment, and he knows his Hielans—his Minister, for example, is very good. I fancy he knows what he is writing about well enough to be aware that the Scottish Landed Gentry don't speak in the sort of way he represents his Fiona as doing; but he knows, too, that Americans expect *all* Scots to speak like Harry Lauder (it must have been a disappointment to them when the Queen Mother visited Washington) and he has, with a cleverness which is more noteworthy than sympathetic, packaged his product for the dollar market.

Until the Phoenix is a novel about the impact of Communism upon simple Chinese villagers. The daily lives of these people are described with freshness and—I have no doubt—with authority; but directly Lee Ho and his young wife get mixed up with the Red Army Mr. Chang seems to lose his grip. The female soldier who falls in love with Lee Ho is not very credible either in her character or in her role, and while the picture of life in Shanghai, when we get there, is once again interesting and authentic-seeming, it is increasingly hard to feel much interest in what is happening to the individual characters.

J. D. SCOTT

BAFFLING

Vaughan Williams. By PERCY M. YOUNG. *Dobson.* 18*s.*

A good book on our greatest living composer is needed, and in some respects Dr. Young is well qualified to write it. He is an experienced practical musician; his admiration for the works of Vaughan Williams is not wholly uncritical; his comments are often perceptive and occasionally stimulating. Thus, he remarks that the *Pastoral Symphony* is "elegiac," in that "it commemorates a departing way of life, that which kept humanity near to earth and to reality," and illuminates this truth by a strikingly apt quotation from Miss Sackville-West's poem, *The Land*. Many such casual illustrations show the author to be widely read in English literature as well as in English music. It is all the more curious, therefore, that he should pay so little regard to the meaning of words.

Apart from mere misprints (such as a delicious reference to a former music critic of *The Times* as "Father Maitland"), the confusions which disfigure Dr. Young's pages are of two sorts: penetrable and impenetrable. When he says that "the opening bars of *The Blessed Damozel* . . . have every qualification of Vaughan Williams," we know at once that he means "quality." But when he says (of the *Introduction and Fugue* for two pianos): "This work is an individual contribution to the repertoire of two-piano music and antidotal, as has judiciously been pointed out, to the easier effectiveness of the Viennese waltz *in excelsis*," then we scratch our heads and start to puzzle it out. Who pointed what out judiciously, and where? (This is the first time the work has been mentioned in the book.) Is it implied that the bulk of the two-piano repertory consists of sublimated Viennese waltzes? If so, it is not true; if not, then what is being said? Perhaps the next sentence will shed some light? "Eugene Goossens drew attention on one occasion to the growth of a latter-day tradition in chamber music by similar endeavour."

No good. Better give it up and try another page:

> In the case of Vaughan Williams, folk-music has worked from the mind outwards, as indicated, but also there has been an inner, personal process which has been almost entirely responsible for a unique approach to the problem of creative endeavour.

Or another—a comment on Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony*:

> Abstract ideas are concrete in so far as the student possesses the perceptiveness necessary to go behind the façades of life. Personality (which is a compendium of ideas) is appreciated for qualities apparent but indefinable.

The reader reels. How can personality be a compendium of ideas? In a final chapter Dr. Young discusses Vaughan Williams's preference, in his choice of texts, for the unlocalised and the universal:

> *The Glories of our Blood and State, The Re-*

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STAPLES

venge, The Banner of St. George, For the Fallen—the setting of each is of its kind a good work—are left to other composers. The sensitivity of appreciation and of expression also makes the music, musically, inaccessible at those moments—as in the *Pastoral Symphony, Sancta Civitas* and the *Magnificat*—where music sets out to accomplish more in fact than it can.

I hope I am not being captious, but it is really difficult, in such passages, to separate the grain of meaning from the chaff of abstract verbiage. Half-way through reading this book, I heard Dr. Vaughan Williams lecture on folk music at the Canford Music School (a version of the lecture is printed here as an appendix). The contrast was startling. Cloudy abstractions had vanished: everything was concrete, vivid, direct. No doubt it is easier to be simple about a folk-song than about a symphony; but we have the composer's notes to his Sixth Symphony to show that in that field, too, he can be straightforward and clear. I do not understand how Dr. Young's baffling book came to be passed for the press in its present state by Mr. Scott Goddard, the editor of the well-known Contemporary Composers series to which it belongs. If my comments seem harsh it is because the number of ill-written books about music is on the increase, and because such books tend to debase the whole currency of musical thinking. Confused writing reflects confused thought and breeds further confusion. Programme notes and the material printed on the back of record envelopes are often transparently derived from some book which the annotator believes to be authoritative; the young and inexperienced have an unhealthy respect for the printed word; and so the mischief spreads. Every now and then it is worth while to make a bit of a fuss.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

VERTICAL EXPLORERS

Caves of Adventure. By HAROUN TAZIEFF. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

On Being a Bird. By PHILIP WILLS. *Parrish.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

Underwater Hunting. By GILBERT DOUKAN. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

They go up or down, never merely along: this marks off the new explorers from the old, and terror and delight they bring us in plenty. New sights and sounds, new intoxications, new dangers, a new life or a new lostness rock the old arm-chair. Which do you prefer, to go cave-plumbing with Mr. Tazieff, or cloud-climbing with Mr. Wills, or fish-hunting with Dr. Doukan? They are all yours for the week-end.

Mr. Tazieff is an adventurer in a million. A couple of years ago found him, in *Craters of Fire*, seeking delectation in the cindery wastes of volcanoes, dead and active. From the Belgian Congo to Sicily he travelled, now clambering out of heat to his heat centre, now finding (in the tropics) a shivering point within sight of molten rivers. He did all but descend into the furnace itself: this, no doubt, in asbestos suits will be achieved by his successors. Jules Verne heroes, it may be recollected, penetrated the earth's centre, going in—so far as I remember—cold, and coming up hot: in a volcanic discharge which caused them surprisingly little harm. Mr. Tazieff, having explored hot, holidayed cold—joined as an unenchanted guest the cave explorers in the Pyrenees. It proved to be an adventure of tragic grandeur. A vast new cave system and its outlet were discovered at a depth of nearly 400 metres, and the first to set eyes and foot on this new sub-terrain was killed by a fall.

The cave-explorer, it must be remarked, is let down by a rope—in this case of steel, operated by a winch—until he strikes surface; from there he proceeds to make an inventory of clefts and holes leading into other caves or down to further depths. Running water is the great find, since it must flow out. Silence, darkness, cold, wet, with dangers from rock and water, and hopes of discovery, are the conditions. The rope may snap: this happened with Marcel Loubens, despite precautions. He fell, mortally wounded. Tazieff and others were waiting below; there was a terrible vigil; a doctor was let down; Loubens died, and was buried on a shelf of the well; and on his way up the author of this narrative had to endure agonies of discomfort and pause, hanging for hours tight-strapped on the end of his line. His book gives a remarkably vivid and unaffected account of the whole adventure, which has bound him, one imagines, to his new friends, the speleologists.

On Being a Bird starts with the advantage that one has probably never before ventured (imaginatively) in a glider, and everything comes as a surprise—the taking-off, the wind lifts, the flying blind in clouds, the distances covered (over 395 miles) and the heights reached (44,000 feet). The last especially may come as surprise to those who have only watched gliders at Dunstable or on the South Downs enjoying themselves endlessly in the teeth of the rain. The step from merely getting and staying up and making a real journey up or out is, one gathers, enormous. Mr. Wills, world gliding champion, writes of the whole business with the charm of a head civil servant. He has found the way up in dust devils, sailed with vultures, probed the terrors of blind flying and plumb-dived to within a few hundred feet of earth, explored Alpine valleys, broken records. He is full of fresh knowledge, ingenious speculations, and a mild contempt for the petrol stinkers. Of the three books, this is the most likely to make converts.

Dr. Doukan comes rather late in the underwater troop, and makes little pretence or appeal outside the aim of his title. He hunts fish. He tells us how to know and hunt fish, in a great deal of detail. His frontispiece shows him embracing one almost as big as himself. The photographs of the other two books brilliantly extend their interest.

G. W. STONIER

A GREAT LADY

Return Passage: The Autobiography of Violet R. Markham. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Amid the mass of trivial or unconsciously self-destructive autobiographies which pile up in the booksellers' windows, Miss Violet Markham's *Return Passage* stands out like the Rock of Gibraltar. Here is a life story of permanent value, gay and modest and sincere, full of rare entertainment as well as matured judgment on human affairs, for the writer is above all things an expert in the art of good living. From her Paxton mother and her very able industrialist father she inherited a fine intelligence and great executive ability, which have carried her into many distinguished positions in public life. But she might easily have been little more than a capable committee-woman, except for an uncommon quality of imaginative insight into her fellow human beings' point of view. This gift carried her in her youth beyond the patronising philanthropy, then the normal reaction of the well-to-do woman to "my poor," into the whirlpool of the Lloyd George campaign for social services; out of the Anti-Suffrage movement (where she had enjoyed, though she would not admit this, the melancholy distinction of being their only intelligent woman speaker) into a generous championship of her own sex; away from a barren agnosticism into the Christian faith. She has never lost her conviction that the correct solution of a political problem is the one that respects the rights of the human individual, even if the heavens fall.

In her long journey of over eighty years, Miss Markham has seen the privileged life of her class, with its gargantuan meals, and troops of servants, and endless leisure, pass away like a dream and it is characteristic of her that she cheerfully admits she enjoyed every moment of it, while welcoming the changes and rejoicing in her own part in bringing them about. As a member of the National Assistance Board from its foundation and Deputy Chairman for ten years, she was intimately concerned with the problem of unemployment, and her account of the difficulties confronting the administrative officer is fresh and illuminating. If she had been listened to by the Government of the day, a far more constructive attitude would have been adopted to relief measures, and much social bitterness averted. She gives a lively account of Neville Chamberlain's disastrous regime at the Ministry of National Service in the first world war, and of the work of the Central Committee for unemployed women. There are brilliant and farseeing notes on travels in Canada, South Africa, China and the Far East in the early years of the century. Miss Markham's comments on what British imperialism meant to her generation is an accurate sidelight on an almost forgotten phase of British history. Reluctantly she has to say of her beloved dominion: "There has been moral recession all over the world, but in no place has that recession been more painful or more fraught with such potential disaster as in S. Africa."

It is hardly surprising that such a forthright and yet sensitive woman should have acquired a unique galaxy of friends—Lords Milner and Cromer, that lovable person Lord Grey, Cecil Rhodes, Robert Morant, Gertrude Bell, Mrs. Tennant, Mary MacArthur of the Women's Trade Union Movement. Our envy is only partially allayed by Miss Markham's talent for making the reader a third party in these friendships. She has a delightful flair for the significant anecdote, the evocative phrase. Being only human, the writer, in my opinion, reveals two failings in judgment and understanding—she thinks too highly of dogs and too poorly of the Suffragettes.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

SHORTER REVIEWS

Vidocq. By PHILIP JOHN STEAD. *Staples.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Vidocq was a fantastic personage, as must be anyone who continues to almost outshine what Balzac made of him. "Vautrin" is little compared with Vidocq, who exceeded the bounds in duelling, women, crime and its detection, prison escapes, disguises, and publicity. He was a titan in his way: the first detective, one might say, of fiction, the biggest and best. A sort of imaginative appetite got him out of endless holes, enabled him to pass as a woman or an old man, gave him authority over the crooks enrolled in his police force, and a will to eat enormously when he felt no hunger. His life story is amazing: at the age of 70 he set out to conquer London, and staged an exhibition composed largely of wax models of tropical fruit, and himself. Thanks to M. Vidocq in person the exhibition was a success.

His memoirs are wonderfully entertaining (but how far are they believed?); his portrayals of the Paris underworld (notably in *Les Voleurs*) offer a complement to Mayhew; and his novels have the reputation of being Zolaesque in scope if not in skill. No doubt one should read them. Mr. Stead encourages us. His bother, with this fabulous life, has been to compete with his subject's own account of events; and corrected and told in the third person they lose half their vigour. Too many anecdotes take the readers by the throat on page after page. However, there's a good deal of Vidocq's life that doesn't appear in his accounts of it, and here Mr. Stead scores. The dinner party with Balzac is excellent, and in old age he goes on adventuring to the end. Though one gets too much of a good thing in the early chapters, the book recovers, and may be recommended to any reader whether he knows Vidocq or not.

I Left My Roots in China. By BERNARD LLEWELLYN. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

Bernard Llewellyn sailed for China in November, 1941. A member of the Friends Ambulance Unit, he had no conventional prejudices, no sense of superiority, no doctrine to proclaim and no business to transact. His first task was to manœuvre lorries with medical supplies round the precipitous spirals of the Burma Road. He worked in refugee camps from which thousands passed on only "to lose themselves in the vast, unobserved suffering of the East." He deloused Chinese soldiers knowing that a night

in their barracks would mean "fresh lice to replace the ones they had lost." He helped with the routine dressings on the ulcerated limbs of lepers who sat in a hovel called a dispensary, "unseeing, unmoving, for a long time." Up and down the Burma Road, driving through hundreds of unknown villages in China's unknown provinces, he lived the life of the road, enjoying roadside meals and the grandeur of Chinese landscape and taking poverty, bugs and lice for granted.

This book consists of twenty sketches of Chinese life as the writer observed it, writing down notes on his driver's seat or under the light of pressure lamps in Chinese homes. Each one has the individual beauty of a Chinese scroll, the same sense of colour, the same boldly etched outline. It is probably the last book of its kind to be written, for those who visit China today are carefully selected delegations; men and women who compose intelligible but unpoetic odes to tractors but admit no human drama in political purges. In a bewildered, nostalgic Introduction, Mr. Llewellyn reflects that among the "young rice-shoots and the startling yellow of the rape fields" in the Chengtu plain you will now see "posters of the current political saviours on huge bill-boards." But his is not a political book; he describes impressions, he does not attempt to provide explanations.

Friends for 300 Years. By HOWARD BRINTON. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Mr. Brinton, an eminent American Quaker educationist, here gives an attractive account of the principles and practices of the Society of Friends: their worship, based upon social mysticism, their cultivation of inward and outward peace, their efforts for the great humane causes. In contrast to the usual view, he believes that the Quaker quietism of the eighteenth century was consolidation, not decline, and that the more evangelical developments of the nineteenth century, usually praised as a revival, were a declension from the real aims of the Society, only recovered fully in modern times. He wonders, however, whether nowadays the rational, humanitarian emphasis is not becoming too strong, at the expense of the mystical.

In spite of its title, the book is not really a history of the Quaker movement. There are many brief and illuminating quotations from Quaker testimonies, but few details of historical developments, and the author's views on general history (the Early Church, the Middle Ages, the Reformation, etc.) are vague. His theology is a form of neo-Platonism, with the strength and weakness of that position; he is a disciple of Robert Barclay. He sees affinities between Quaker teaching and that of some of the Catholic mystics, but, like George Fox, is inclined to regard most Protestantism as mere talking about religion without experience of it.

A chapter on American developments in the nineteenth century, when the Society there split into several sects, is omitted in this English edition. An appendix, frequently mentioned in the text, is also omitted, perhaps by accident.

Introduction to Angling. By ERIC TAVERNER. *Seeley Service.* 15*s.*
Fishing. By BERNARD VENABLES. *Batsford.* 16*s.*
The Tale of a Wye Fisherman. By H. A. GILBERT. *Cape.* 16*s.*
The Making of a Trout Stream. By ERIC TAVERNER. *Seeley Service.* 15*s.*

To this summer's plentiful bag of books on angling this batch makes an agreeable addition. Of the three writers, Mr. Taverner is the most inclined towards instruction: his "Introduction," which forms Volume I of the new Beaufort Library of Fieldsports, ranges rapidly over the various branches of knowledge which a fisherman must acquire, and thus forms a real "angler's appetiser." His other book, which describes how an unsatisfactory little river was improved by his care (dams built to form pools, the correct weeds planted, pike removed and supplies of plankton provided), is an excellent guide for anyone who is lucky enough to become the owner, or reasonably assured tenant, of a stream. Less fortunate anglers can at least improve their knowledge of the history and techniques of fishing by keeping at the bedside the very pleasant contribution which Mr. Venables has made to the "British Sports" series. He writes urbanely of times past—of the emergence, over a century ago, of the London Angler, of the recent, almost fanatic, cult of carp fishing and (with admirable good sense) of the great "wet v. dry" controversy in fly fishing. For anglers who want more specialised history, Mr. Gilbert has told the story of the long struggle to "save" the Wye since those barbarous days in the Fifties, before the coming of the Conservancy Board, when there was no closed season, spearing and netting were unrestricted, and the river was ravaged by armed poachers led by "Rebeccas."

A History of Philosophy—Volume III: Ockham to Suarez. By FREDERICK COPLESTON, S.J. *Burns Oates.* 30*s.*

The field covered by the third volume of Fr. Copleston's history of philosophy is large and varied. It takes in the developments of late Scholasticism, the neo-Platonism of the Renaissance, the beginnings of scientific thought and the revised Scholasticism of the Counter-Reformation. It deals with William of Ockham (59 pages), with Nicholas of Cusa (27 pages), with Giordano Bruno (5 pages), with Francis Bacon (18 pages), with Machiavelli (5 pages), with Suarez (53 pages). From which we can see that there is something here both for those who treat the past like a quarry from which they can remove whatever catches their eye or satisfies their present interest, and for those who choose to study it in its full richness and for its own sake.

It is Fr. Copleston's great achievement that he manages to subdue a vast amount of material, and to make it obediently serve his purposes as an expositor. On the other hand, he reveals from time to time a somewhat mechanical conception of philosophy. He contrives to show often enough how a particular philosopher answers a particular question; but not quite often enough why that question ever presents itself to that, or to any other philosopher. And, finally, there are far too many apologetic remarks addressed to certain "contemporary philosophical circles" whose views, after all, Fr. Copleston is quite certain are totally misguided. But this is undoubtedly a remarkable book, vast in its scope, clear and smooth-running in its exposition.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,227

Set by Naomi Lewis

Certain sophisticated magazines require a short biographical account of (and usually contributed by) their authors in that issue. Competitors are invited to compose a 150-word note of this kind by one of the following: Chaucer, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Blake, Chatterton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Walt Whitman or Baudelaire. Entries by September 8.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,224

Set by John Pomfret

"August 12: Grouse Shooting begins" (*Letts Diary*). The usual prizes are offered for a nostalgic Edwardian *aquarelle*, in prose or verse, entitled "The Twelfth." Limit, 16 lines of verse or 150 words of prose.

Report by John Pomfret

Most competitors compensated with pastiche and vivacity for what they lacked in period atmosphere. L. Marshall Scott achieved a good Douglas Byng revue lilt and E. W. Fordham a neat variation on Lamb's *Old Familiar Faces*. J. R. Till vulgarised Betjeman very happily:

> Dust is flying through the bracken—
> Algy, moderate your pace—
> And the heather-hugging moorland,
> Purple as the Pater's face . . .
>
> See that Rothschild at the trigger—
> Damme, has that gillie heard?
> Will he, will he, will the gillie
> Know our Willie got the bird?

I liked Robert Sheldon's anecdotal opening ("I remember the long-distance Holstein with the compensating sights that Percy bought in 1907"), also H. A. C. Evans's last verse. After much hesitation, I decided to award two guineas to Stanley J. Sharpless, a guinea each to J. P. Stevenson and Graeme Wilson, and half a guinea each to Elaine Morgan and J. R. Till.

> Already the sharper air from the high places
> Makes tonic the steamy ambience of trains
> As we storm clip-clop into Euston's tweedy temple,
> And the cabby loops up his reins.
>
> Steel kisses steel through four hundred miles of darkness;
> I lie in my sleeper, lulled by the murmured spell,
> And looking out at two o'clock in the morning
> See a great moon over Shap Fell.
>
> On and up into miles of dawn-sweet heather,
> Where loud the water over the brown rocks runs;
> The birds are wheeling away at our ponderous progress,
> Mocking the imprisoned guns.
>
> O where are the beaters moving over the moorland,
> And the puffs from the butts as the company let fly?
> Fallen, now, is that world, as the feathered bodies
> Once fell from a blazing sky.
>
> STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

> Last night they had taken the hill at Saint Sulpice
> And now it was dawn. Not yet the counter-attack—
> He saw, beyond the trampled wilderness,
> Strathspey in the Long Vac.
>
> He saw the great-horned, shaggy Highland kine
> Wading, golden, in seas of amethyst,
> And beyond, the Cairngorms' majestic line
> Ghostly in sunlit mist.
>
> He heard his father—ever a judge of weather—
> Say, as they climbed into the brake, "I doubt
> "Today the packs will creep over the heather;
> "We'll take them, John, far out."
>
> He saw the immaculate guests and heard their banter
> And his mother saying, "The Twelfth makes me feel young!"
> But as she spoke a gillie muttered, "Winter
> "Will be hard and long."
>
> *packs*—coveys; *creep*—fly low
> *take far out*—shoot at 50 yds.
>
> J. P. STEVENSON

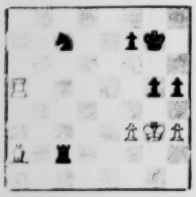
> I remember well that country-house
> Where I visited one season:
> It had something or other to do with grouse,
> But I'd a better reason.
>
> Her spouse was a bit of a grouse himself,
> A fearful sort of bounder,
> Who tried to keep her on the shelf
> While the fellows flocked around her.
>
> I toddled along to her room that night
> A long time past eleven
> To find ten others sitting tight
> On the same idea of Heaven.
>
> But I'd scarcely time to say chin-chin
> Or to dissipate their shyness
> When the clock struck twelve, and a twelfth walked in,
> And we bowed to His Royal Highness.
>
> GRAEME WILSON

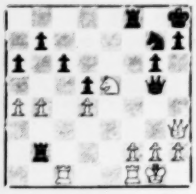
> The setter straining at the leash of duty;
> The Northern sky a blue past all believing;
> The butt's caress remembered as a lover's;
> The rich horse-chestnut gleam upon good leather;
> The voices male, the sentences elliptic;
>
> The weathered Scot, unservile, loyal, cryptic;
> The insects stridulating in the heather;
> The one . . . two . . . twenty bursting from the covers;
> The first ecstatic crack; the bullet cleaving—
> Accurate, piercing, deadly—ah! my beauty!
>
> ELAINE MORGAN

CHESS: Corriger La Fortune

No. 204

The other day I ventured to relate some exceptions to prove our proud rule that Chess is *not* a game of chance; and being rational chess players rather than frivolous gamblers we may well ask how to improve and, if need be, to correct our chances. The French, of course, have a word for it; but then their beautiful language is so very polite, given to diplomatic *finesse* rather than blunt veracity; and when they speak of correcting one's fortune it is easy enough to forget that underhand work and mean tricks may be involved. Take this position, reported by Kurt Richter in *Schach*: why, he simply calls it a trap, and that is just what it is. Black played K-Kt3, and that surely should have reminded White of whatever he learned in school about Greek gifts, the bitter lesson of the Trojans and the wise warnings they left unheeded. Surely White should have paused to think that by B x P ch, followed by R x P he could draw quite easily. But he could not resist a gift-horse, even in the shape of a rook; he played B-Kt1, banking on the pin, and forgetting how easily that R could be unpinned by P-R5 ch, followed by P-B4 ch and mate by the very R supposed to be pinned. Here is another case in point. When Bogoljubov played P-Kt5, surely his opponent should have suspected a P so gratuitously offered by someone quite crafty enough to correct his fortune. No doubt Black saw that he mustn't play R(7) x BP because, rather than oblige by taking the R and being mated, Bogoljubov might first divert the Black Q by Kt x KtP ch. May be Black even saw the point of the P-sacrifice and accepted it none the less, thinking that Q-QR3 with its attack on both Rooks could be profitably countered by R(1) x P. Alas, he overlooked that White would still mate him after Q-KB8 ch.

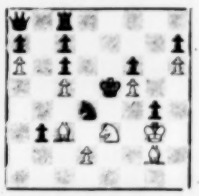




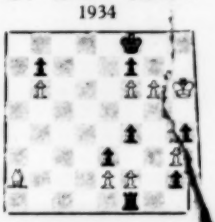
A: Dr. Lehmann 1953

The 4-pointer for beginners this week is a particularly instructive game position the like of which may stump anyone who does not know how this solitary B can force a draw against the far advanced P and the Kt ready to screen the promotion square. **B** is a famous 4-mover which should please even those of our problem addicts who know it. **C**—White to draw—is one of Kubbel's most subtle studies, and if I am to rate these two a mere 6 and 7 points I had better print that they have their basic idea in common. Usual prizes. Entries by September 7.

B: Kohtz & Kockelkorn 1865



C: Leonid Kubbel 1934



REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 8

A: (1) . . . Q-K7.

B: (1) P queens, P queens, (2) Q-Kt8, Q-R7, (3) Q-K8, Q-R5, (4) Q-K5 ch, K-R1, (5) Q-R8.
(2) Q-K8 is refuted by Q-KKt2.
if (2) Q-B8, Q-R6, (3) Q-Kt8, Q-Q3 ch.

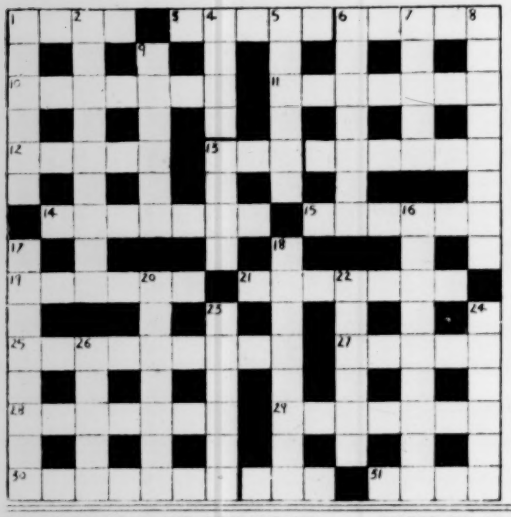
C: (1) R-Q8, Q-Kt4, (2) R-R8, Q-Kt7, (3) R-Kt8, Q-R7, (4) R-B8, Q-R6, (5) R-Q8, Q-R5, (6) R-K8, Q x Kt, (7) R-R8.

Dozens of correct solutions in an easy week. Prizes shared by E. W. Beal, E. H. Brown, J. B. Cock, G. Essig, M. G. Harman, R. Russell. *Londoners' 13th move* Q-R5 *Non-Londoners' 14th due by September 2.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 63

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 63, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 8th Sept.



ACROSS

1. It is revolutionary to spoil the vote (4).
3. Carriage for the players' trainer (5, 5).
10. Good fortune at present found in India (7).
11. Where to give a dull finish to a kitchen utensil (7).
12. Material got out of the pits upside down (5.)
13. They cause rabbits to appear or disappear (3, 6).
14. Hunt's headquarters (7).
15. Town with the sound of hatred (6).
19. Comedian who knows how to listen (6).
21. Stepping like the years (7).
25. Stoic name for an eulogist (9).
27. Robey made up as a Frenchman (5).
28. Indulges the song of Pooh and the French bear (7).
29. Sculptured B.B.C. woman? (7).
30. Dish of stolen food (7, 3).
31. Heed the playwright (4).

DOWN

1. Disease of a young man in springtime (6).
2. A positivist in a play makes a good story-teller (9).
4. The place of government has a pull over the northern country seat (4, 4).
5. Musical compasses (6).
6. Perhaps created and provided food (7).
7. The jelly in Martha's picnic basket (5).
8. Pass on a little and be generous (8).
9. It marks time without moving (6).
16. Riddle (9).
17. Garden tools in the store, but it sells footwear (8).
18. Money is no immediate object (8).
20. Seaside place for the wise babe? (7).
22. He does not paint in the round (6).
23. Spread around and analysed (6).
24. Gluttonous, but a slender thing in the middle (6).
26. Caught with the ammunition coming up; this makes one pause (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 61

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 61

V. L. Herriman (Chicago), A. Gordon Taylor (London, W. 14), L. E. Willcox (Hove).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

THAMES. Croft House, Burcot, near Abingdon, for a perfect river holiday. Oxford 8 miles. Boating, fishing, tennis, billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Clifton Hampden 232.

AFTER 100 per cent bookings since March incl. many recommendations and repeat visits, we have a few Sept. vacancies, viz.:—19th onwards, Twin Dble.-bedded rooms £5 10s., £6 5s., etc. Single rooms at annexe £5 15s. Oct. usually becomes fully booked also; vacancies still available for all floors, inside Normanhurst, from 5gns. up. Prices per person incl. "extras," i.e., early tea, baths, coffee, fresh fruit dly., and heated bedroom if weather cool. Used by readers, also Quakers and other kindly folk. Normanhurst P. Hotel, Sea-Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Mild, sheltered climate; medically commended for late and winter holidays (open every day of the year; cent. htng. throughout). Best position on Prom., opp. covered walk, nr. Orchestra, curative baths. Write for free informative Brochure. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London at 6½gns. weekly. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Road, Hindhead. Tel. 548.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17s. 6d. per week inclusive. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H. C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7gns. No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. 'Phone 2621.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

CHAGFORD, Devon. An endless variety of wonderful Dartmoor scenery. Moor Park Hotel, a delightful old Coaching House, for hospitality & comfort. Mod. amenities. Cocktail Bar. Riding; Trout Fishing. Central for runs to the coasts. A.A., R.A.C. Res. Props.: Randle & Robinson. Tel.: 2202.

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlooking sea. Continental cooking; children welcomed. Vacancies Sept. 5 to 20. "Waveney," Park Rd., 'Phone 2804.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

COME to the Lakes for Autumn Sunshine. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

SMALL modern hotel, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

LAKE Distr. "Beck Allans," Grasmere. H. & c. all b'rms. Terms mod. Broch. on request. Prop. A. & E. Wild. Gras. 129.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

HOVE. For happy, comfortable holidays, 4 mins. sea and lawns. H. & C. Excellent food. Terms from 5gns. 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel.: Hove 39389.

"WHERE chestnut candles light the Green Old Norton House of Rottingdean Creates behind its clear grey face A comfortable, friendly grace"—not high poetry, but a charming tribute from a first guest. Opened at Whitsun, full to mid-September. Come for autumn—old-world seaside village, 10 mins. along the cliffs from Brighton. Home-cooked dishes our speciality. 7-8gns. Brochure. Tel. Rott. 3120. Prop.: Donald Chapman, M.P.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. At Kathleen Batten's comfortable Hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest, you can have whatever kind of holiday you want. There is freedom, peace, or stimulating talk in the club if you want to join in. Sharpthorne 17.

THE Continental is not a great hotel; it is a grand socialist guest house where "La Joie de Vivre" is enjoyed. (Illd. brochure). 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. (Please see advertisement on page 231).

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. A beautiful guest house in the Surrey hills, ideal holiday or week-end. Mod. Excel. catering. Illus. bklt. Bramley 306811.

HOLIDAYS. Home Comforts, Lobster Teas, Moderate terms. Vac. Sept. 5. "Alandale," St. Davids, Pembs.

PARIS. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux*, Latin Quarter. 400-600frs. nightly. H.C. Bath. Billiards. Recently modernised. Eng. spoken. 28 rue de la Montagne, Ste. Geneviève, Paris V. Metro, Maubert-Mutualité.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

LOVELY spot, wonderful walks, alt. 2,500ft. Ideal September. Good food, 5gns. inc. weekly, reduction numbers. Albergo Alpino, Cravegna di Crodo, Domodassola, Italy.

COTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Special rates for Sept. & Oct. Illust. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

DULWICH. Large house, spacious rooms, beautiful garden with sandpit, well-placed schools. Ideal large family or joint occupation. Lease 35 yrs. £1,750 quick sale. Tel. GIP. 0678.

SCHOOLS

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications now being considered for vacancies next year. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn Harris, M.A.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, Yorks. 8-18. Recognised and co-educational; progressive but disciplined. Small classes; preparation for G.C.E. at all levels; exceptional Art, Music and Crafts. Emphasis on initiative and poise. Headmaster: Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. invites applications for two posts in Secretariat. (a) Assistant Head of Secretariat: Duties: To help in developing new secretarial services for internal committees, etc., concerned with B.B.C. policy, assisting the Head of Department generally and deputising for him, membership of the team actively engaged in the servicing of committees and meetings and in dealing with correspondence. Qualifications: Experience in committee and correspondence work, practical knowledge of problems of indexing, classification and maintenance of records and documentation, experience of leadership and responsibility for staff. Acquaintance with library work an advantage. Salary £1,255, rising by 5 annual increments to £1,635 maximum per annum. The possibility of making an appointment at a higher grade is not excluded. (b) Assistant: Duties: Acting as member of a team for servicing internal committees, etc., concerned with B.B.C. policy, which includes drafting of minutes and papers, collecting and co-ordinating information, research into past records, liaison duties, etc. Qualifications: A capacity to write well, i.e., clearly, simply and with distinction and to collect accurately information and present it quickly in a simple and logical form. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,330 maximum per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "98(a) N.Stm," or "98(b) N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Producer (Film Shorts) in Television Service. Duties: to keep under constant review all film in library and to compile from this material complete programme items on request. Imagination, wide interests and considerable experience of film editing essential. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "100, N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

H.M. PRISON and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors (Men). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about four pensionable posts of Assistant Governor Class II. Candidates must be at least 21 on January 1, 1953, and must be of sound general education, able to fill a position of responsibility, and with a genuine interest in difficult reformative work, with adolescents or adults. Salary (London) £467 rising to £736, rather less outside London. In addition free unfurnished accommodation or an allowance in lieu. Starting salary (London) £467 at age 25 (or under) then according to age up to £584 at 30 (or over). Application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, quoting Number 166/53, to be returned by September 17, 1953.

APPLICATIONS are invited by the London Family Welfare Association for the post of Consultant (woman) who has had experience in supervision and would be able to work in a supervisory capacity with members of staff. Candidates should hold a degree and/or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University and must have had very considerable experience in case work and student training. The post is a new one, and the appointment, which is for three years in the first place, calls for someone who would be interested in a pioneer experiment. Salary at the rate of £750 p.a. Application by letter to The Organising Secretary, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. Closing date September 12, 1953.

TUBERCULOSIS. London County Council invites applications from holders of a certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or social science certificate of a recognised school of sociology who have practical experience in social work for engagement as local tuberculosis care organiser at Chest Clinics in the Battersea and Wandsworth districts, salary scale £480 to £600. Duties: Social and secretarial work for local tuberculosis care committee. Further particulars on application form obtainable from Divisional Medical Officer, Health Division 9, Fairfield St., S.W.18, for return by Sept. 19. (896).

TEACHING Institution will need, beginning October, competent woman (over 21) for typing and general office work. Ability to type in Russian an advantage. The post is temporary (probably one year). Salary £300-£350 according to qualifications and experience. No Saturday work and good holidays. Apply in writing by September 12 to Box S., c/o Bartlett's, 31 Museum St., W.C.1.

MANAGING Director of Export Company requires Shorthand Typist with intelligence and initiative. German essent., French and other languages an asset. Post can be developed according to secretarial ability. Salary according to qualifics. Box 1528.

FINE Art Booksellers (Bloomsbury) require intelligent, educated shorthand-typist for part-time clerical/secretarial work. High degree of accuracy essential. Write particulars age, education, experience, salary required. Box 1424.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE Secretary. A student organisation in the East Midlands will shortly have a vacancy for an Adm. Secy. Commencing salary on the scale £300 to £350. Main qualifications: proficient Sh./Typing, sound knowledge of office routine, initiative and discretion. Further details and applic. forms may be obtained from Box 1309.

MANCHESTER Jewish Board of Guardians invite applications for the residential appointment of Assistant Matron in a Children's Home for about 12 children, situated in Crumpsall, Manchester. Nursing or Nursery Training preferred. National Scale salaries. Applications with fullest details of previous experience and accompanied by copies of testimonials should be addressed to Mrs. B. Wolman, 32 Sandileigh Ave., Manchester, 20.

THE Birmingham Settlement requires in September a Resident Girls' Club Leader for Under 14's and Youth Club with mixed activities. Apply: The Warden, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

ELECTRICIAN for London retail radio & electrical business. Good position offered to capable man. State age and full details of career. Box 1483.

COPYWRITER. Applications are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm near London. Experience advantageous but not essential. Age not above 30. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply Box 1486.

WORKING Manager, expd. and keenly interested in organic methods reqd. take charge of 9-acre holding of top fruit, soft fruit, vegetable and salad crops, from Spring 1954. Mod. accom. avail. Foxbury Fruit Farm, Hambledon, Godalming, Surrey.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist. Essentially well-educated woman of between 25 and 35 required as personal private secretary to the Company Secretary of a large group with Head Office at the Oval, London. Preferably should have had exper. in office of chartered accountant or solicitor. Capable of thinking, then acting on own initiative. Pension scheme, salary according to qualifics. Box 1509.

MARRIED couples without children required as hosts & hostesses guest houses Great Britain. Knowledge of catering for numbers, staff organisation & control, ability to run social evening, etc. Liking for people essential. Joint commencing salary £390 p.a. plus full board & accommodation. Box 1508.

RARE opportunity in small manufacturing venture for enterprising youth. Experience unnecessary. Box 1348.

DETROIT, Mich., U.S.A., couples, cooks-housekeepers. No passage paid. International Employment Agency, 531 E. Grand Blvd. Send photo.

EXPERIENCED bi-lingual English/German Secretary with initiative required by Exporters of standing. Only applicants used to methodical, independent work and typing considered. Box 1214.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

SHORTHAND-typists. Copy typists. Attractive full-time temperary work (hrs. 10-5), or part-time by hour, day, wk. High rates of pay. Josephine Hall & Partners, 501 Grand Bldgs. Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 5392/6412.

PROF. couple need woman resident to look after two children & flat, London. Own room. Daily help. Garden. Box 1511.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman, B.Sc., knowledge bookkeeping, typing, German, French, wants interesting position in/near London. Box 1142.

N.Z. girl, experienced office work, library and school secretary, wants constructive interesting position; willing responsibility, pref. library or bookshop. Box 1433.

WOMAN (Continental, 44), excellent needlewoman, linguist, pianist, some catering, nursing experience, wants suitable position. Box 1282.

YOUNG woman (23), 6 years' theatrical exp., intstd. Art, Literature, sks. worthwhile job. Anything considered. Box 1447.

REQUIRED September, secretarial post in progressive school, non-resident preferred, in or near London. Edith Clarke, c/o Brebner, 85 Clarendon Rd., W.11.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

MATHEMATICS master seeks post in good preparatory school teaching Mathematics to C.E. Subsidiary subjects (1) Geography (2) English. Home Counties preferred. Box 1535.

PAKISTANI gentleman, university education, seeks employment. Box 1529.

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A FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing/Secretarial service. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Road, N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations: Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

TYPING, etc.—continued

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TYPEWRITING/Duplicating. Lit. MSS., testimonials, theses a speciality. Accurate, attractive presentation. Personal supervision. Bereton, 91 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

SECRETARIAL Aunts for all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary and commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Four-day service for any length MS. Special rates for students and societies. 501/2 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 6411/2.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"WINCHESTER," Brian Vesey-Fitz-Gerald's highly praised new book tells the whole story of the city. Not a tourist book, it is for Winchester residents and Wykehamists and all who love the ancient capital. With 49 full-page plates by J. Allan Cash it is in the shops at 18s. Phœnix House, Charing Cross, publishers.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. yearly, including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

HANKIES soaked with laughter tears. Apply "Gammer Glover's Grammar," Fortune Press, 15 Belgrave Rd., S.W.1 (VIC. 7277).

NIMRODS, The Only Book Hunters solely engaged in tracing Out-of-Print & Scarce Books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 8 Quick Street, London, N.1.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

NOVELS in English, French, German, etc., bought. We are also interested in buying other literature. Pulteney, 89 Charlotte Street, W.1. MUSeum 4397.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 1050.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

SCHOLARLY Books in Russian, Hungarian, Bulgarian, Roumanian, Czech, etc., sought by B. N. Press Service, 4 Eardham St., London, W.C.2. (TEM. 3734). Send lists.

COMINTERN, U.S.S.R., Trotsky: pre-war books/pamphlets periodicals wtd. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

MISCELLANEOUS

GIN Traps are no longer needed! I can send particulars of 11 other ways of killing rabbits. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling you how to kill domestic animals and poultry, and White list of furs humanely obtained. Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

MORE and more people are buying and hiring contemporary paintings from Hendon Experimental Group. Picture lending library. Hire-purchase terms over eleven months. 32 Brent St., N.W.4. HEN. 7440.

3 adjoining offices vacant in quiet central district good light, telephone, central heating. Would let separately. Apply Secretary, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Particc. MUS. 8923.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the wholesome Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4 ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Piertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

LARGE furn. single bed-sit., share k., b., one other, nr. Tube, shops, heath. 4gns. inc. heat, light, linen, some service. HAM. 5706 evgs. or Box 978.

PLEASANTLY furnished bed-sit. rooms to let to permanent tenants in spotlessly clean, quiet establishment near Notting Hill Gate (off Kensington Park Road). Bed and breakfast, singles £3 5s., doubles £6 per week. Large private garden. 'Phone PARk 8584.

PROFESSIONAL Couple offer comfortable bed-sit. Gas ring. 35s. Meals by arrangement. GLAdstone 0595.

SUNNY room, sep. bath & kitchen, cent. heating, parquet floors, suit 1-2 ladies or couple. Phone GLA. 7563 after 7 p.m.

FURN. flat, 2 bedrooms, living-room lounge combined, kit., 5gns. p.w. Avail. now. 'Phone any time after 7.30. PUT. 8327.

HAMPSTEAD. Pleasant bed-sitting room with cooking facilities, running water; piano if desired. Box 1490.

FURN. flat to let, October to December; situated 5 mins.' walk Oxford Circus. Bedroom, living-room, kitchen, bathroom, all convs., linen, 7gns. £8 p.w. Box 1485.

DIVAN-room, well-furn., in professional house Forest Gate. Gas heater & ring, use bath, 'phone, garden. Suit person of musical tastes. MARyland 3174 or Box 1484.

OLD Hampstead. Attractive lge. bed-sit.-rm. available in private flat. HAM. 2404.

LONDON. (15 min. West End). Excellent s/c 1st floor flat for 3/4. Linen, plate, frig., 'phone. Garage and daily help also available. Rent by arrangement. Suitable professional, executive or overseas. Box 1477.

N.W.6. Lge. comf. fur. B/sit. & kit. 50s. Lady pref. LAD. 5847 after 6 p.m.

NEWLY furn. flat, 1/2 rms., kit., h. & c. Opp. W. Finchley Tube. HIL. 4861.

SELF-contained flat Wimbledon Common, partly furnished, large kitchen & lounge, two other rooms. Bath and separate w.c.; pantry. Use garden. Bus-stop 100 yards. 4gns. WIMbledon 0568.

LARGE Furnished Bed-sittingroom for gentleman, in professional (musical) household; cooking facilities, linen provided; 20 min. Waterloo. 3gns. 21 Denmark Avenue, Wimbledon. WIM. 0168.

COMF. divan-room in Continental house. Breakfast, dinner, all conveniences. Very moderate terms. GLA. 3254 or Box 1518.

2 Serviced well-furnished single rooms, £2 15s. each, use kit., bath, gas. Milk 'frig., bed linen. MAI. 5267.

BED-sit., mod. hse., N.W.11. Female pref., all cons., own clr. £2 2s. Box 1438.

COUPLE wd. let most Chelsea flat, retaining pied a terre. 77s. 6d. Box 1444.

AMENITIES of home with privacy of large bed-sitt. Looking on garden, share lge. kit., frig., gdn. Quiet house betw. Swiss Cott./Abbey Rd. 45s. Box 1281. MAI. 2508.

OXFORD grad. couple offer prof. woman large sunny divan rm., Finchley Bkfst., use kit., bath., tel., garden. £2. HIL. 4735.

HIGHGATE Village. Pleasant furn. room in quiet house. Student or teacher. Use kitchen, bath., 'phone. 30s. MOU. 5619.

MODERNISED cottage charm. furn. Nr. Tring, Herts. 3gns. p.w. Box 1526.

FLAT to let, furn., s./contd., on large yacht moored Pembrokeshire river. 1 double, 1 single cabin, good saloon & kit. Calor gas, elec. light. Convenient, quiet. Mod. rent. Box 1547.

STAINES-Windsor area. Furn. cottage to let, 40 mins. Waterloo. Main servs. Tel. 2 bedrms. Walled gdn. £175 p.a. Box 1448.

YOUNG lady teacher requires bed-sit. room near Baker Street or Holborn Station. Weldon, 61a Carlton Hill, N.W.8.

PROFESSIONAL lady reqs. 2 rooms, part/un/or furn. with kit'ette, use bathrm., West London. 26 Beaumont Ave., Wembley.

FED up with seeing shoddy make-shifts, euphemistically termed flats. Professional woman, appreciative tenant for something worthwhile, wants s.c. un/part-fur. flat, c.h.w. and pref. central heating. Box 1467.

PLEASE help very young couple, 1 child, desp. need self-contained unfurnished flat, London or near. Reas. rent. Box 942.

2- or 3-roomed flat wanted. Pref. s/c, beginning Sept. Two adults. All letters answered on Sept. 1. Box 1093.

YOUNG couple with child require flat in W. or N.W. London. Urgent. Box 1489.

WTD. Hampstead, furn. flatlet or B.S.R. for Photographer 32 (m.). No eqpmnt. on premises. Competent gardener/int. dec., rent £2/£3. Anything considered. Box 774.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7. St., Sun. 5 & 8. "Henry IV." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Cobley's farcical Comedy "No!" Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s 6d. p.a.

LONDON'S Only Late-Night Theatre, The Irving, Leicester Sq. (Whi. 8657). Sat. at 10.30, Sun. at 9.30. Final performances of "Talk of the Night," a saucy satirical Revue. Licensed till midnight. Mems. 5s. year.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Aug 30: "Pygmalion" (A). From Aug. 31: "Jane Eyre" (A). From Sept. 3: "The Grapes of Wrath" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., Aug 30, 7.30. "Il Cammino Della Speranza" (U)

HAMMERSMITH Film Society's new season begins 7.30, September 3. Eleven shows include "Miracle in Milan," "Childhood of Maxim Gorki," "Les Enfants du Paradis," "Molti Sogni," "The General," Subscr. 15s. Guest Tickets 2s. 6d. (advance only). Apply Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

PECKHAM Film Society. Sept. 3, 7.30. Co-op Hall, Rye Lane. "Citizen Kane." Details: J. Best, 14, Comport Green, N. Addington, Surrey.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Reception for new Graduates at the Shaftesbury Hotel, W.1, on Sunday, September 6 from 7.30-11 p.m. Admission by ticket only, free to those eligible for membership. Write: Miss Z. Lam, 11, Oakmead Gardens, Edgware, Middx.

CELEBRATION: Anniversary Bulgarian Liberation Day—"Bulgaria," by D. Kattun with Ann Lindsay, Michael Godden, Peter Copley, Martin Lawrence, W.M.A. Singers, Bulgarian Dancers. Speakers: H.E. The Bulgarian Minister, Rev. G. B. Chambers, D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Tues., Sept. 8, 7.15. Conway Hall. Tkts. 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., from Soc. for Frndshp. with Bulgaria, 1 Wardrobe Pl., Carter Lane, E.C.4, or at door.

AFRO-West Indian Social Centre, 245 Harrow Rd., W.2, Saturday, Aug. 29, 7-11 p.m.: Grand Ball. Sunday, Aug. 30, 7 p.m. Debate: "This House moves that Intermarriage is good for Humanity."

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Suns. excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 19. Tkts. 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d. available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

MAJLIS Mela (Festival by Indian students). Sat., Sept. 5, 11 a.m.-9 p.m., and Sept. 6, 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Indian handwork, crafts, funfair, puppet show, cultural programme, dances, exhibn., sale of saris & articles from Asian cntries. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd. W.C.1. Opening by H. E. Mr. B. G. Kher.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily Sun. excepted 10-5. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10 to 7 including Sundays.

ARTIST of Fame and Promise Part II. Entirely new exhibition. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

FLOWER Books from the Society of Herbalists. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Aug. 29. Mon.-Fri., Sat., 10-6. Admission free.

POLISH Book Exhibition, Collet's Book Gallery, 48 Museum St., opp. British Museum. Sept. 2 to 27. Daily 11-7, Suns. 2-5. Free. Art books and prints; Science, Fiction, Children's Books & Journals.

"CHEZ Philippe," Hanover Square Club, 3 Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Paintings by Hendon Experimental Group, until September 30. 12-2; 3-11 p.m.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Terr., W.14. Water Colours & Sculpture: Epstein, Gill, Nash, Pitchforth, Searle, Bone, Gross & others. Weekdays 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-8. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté Roses & New Picasso Lithographs. Open Sept. 1. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Names to Remember.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Collectors' Items from Artists' Studios. Small Sculptures, Lithographs, Drawings. Aug. 5 to Sept. 6. Daily 11-6. Closed Suns. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Six Young Contemporaries, and Paintings by Donald Hamilton-Fraser.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibition of Modern Paintings. Also Portrait of Tensing by Michael Werner.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club announce Gala Premiere Illustrated Lecture of the "Ascent of Everest" (by arrangement with Wilfrid Van Wicks) in the Royal Festival Hall, Tuesday, September 15, at 8 p.m. Proceeds devoted to the Trust Fund for Mountain Exploration. Lecturers include Col. Sir John Hunt, Sir Edmund Hillary and Mr. A. Gregory. Tickets 7s. 6d. to 42s. Now on sale. WATerloo 3191 and agents.

"MAN Conquers Nature." Lecture on Soviet Construction Schemes by Dr. S. M. Manton, F.R.S. (Author "Soviet Union To-day") Supporting speaker: Mr. C. Hall, Civil Engineer. Illustrated by Slides and Films. McLellan Galleries, 270 Stuchiehall St., Glasgow, Sunday, August 30, at 7 p.m. Doors open 6.30. Price 6d. Scotland-U.S.S.R. Friendship Society Cultural Cttee.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum: "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" Debate between R. Paget, Q.C., M.P., & Philip I. Bell, Q.C., M.P., Thurs., Sept. 3, at 7.45 p.m., Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Advance bookings: WEL. 0136.

WHAT is Happening in Hungary To-day? Come to the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1, on Sunday, Sept. 6 and ask the 14 Trade Union delegates just back from a 3 weeks' visit. Admission free—doors open 6.30 p.m. New Hungarian film.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Sept. 5 at 6 p.m., Mr. F. Celoria: "Rogue from Ancient Athens—Alcibiades."

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon, Sept. 4-6: "Creative Writing II" and "Painting and Modelling." Send card for programmes.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. August 30: "Spiritualism—Divine or Delusive?" All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Tce., Craven Rd.

INTERNAT. Students & Youth Hostel. Exhibn. of Paintings by Durga Lall. Discn. Group starts Sept. 3. Lecture Sept. 4, 7 p.m. "The State of the World," by Deva Angadi. For accom. also, apply Warden, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. LAD. 5104.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Closed for Sunday morning meetings. Re-opening Sunday, September 13. Chamber Music Concerts recommence October 4.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FREE Ten-Week Courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy will begin in the following areas: Ilford and Muswell Hill Wed., Sept. 16; Enfield and Bexley Wed., Sept. 23; Croydon and Bethnal Green Thurs., Sept. 24. Write for full particulars and prospectus to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665.

BECOME You Own Economist! Free 10-week courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin Tuesday and Thursday, September 15 and 17, at Westminster, 7-9 p.m. Write for full particulars and prospectus to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665.

NEW thought and research on social problems—drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College, 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. Pad. 3320. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Appointments Bureau. Prospectus on application to Secretary.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management; also in English for Foreign Students. Intensive training for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 5986.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W. 14. Telephone: PARk 4665.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc. B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

THE Kynaston School of Pianoforte (Leschetizky Method). New term com. Sept. 14 at Kensington Studio & 21 Denmark Ave., Wimbledon. All details—Sec., WIM. 0168.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

NORTH-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5 (GUL. 1154). Full-time and part-time day courses beginning Sept. for G.C.E. Adv. level (Arts & Econs. subjects). Prof. business quals., Secretarial work, Management, Commerce, Shthnd.-Typg.

A DEGREE in One's Own Time," home study planning conference, Sept. 18-20, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance requirements, Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ord. and Adv.), London, Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

MARYLEBONE Tutorials. Individual tuition for General Certificate at all levels & University Entrance Exams. &c. 33 Nottingham Pl., London, W.1. WEL. 8022.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training (Gregg). Also evening classes shorthand typewriting. Frances King, 3 Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771, REN. 1805.

FOREIGN Languages. Coaching at all standards daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20-21, Princes Street, Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

LANGUAGES incl. Russian, English for foreigners, in comf. informal atmosphere at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages, English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evening Classes. Private tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton, F.I.A. 7967 p.m.

GREGG Shorthand. Priv. Tuition Groups. Qual. Tcher., W.1. WEL. 9449/LIB. 5770.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre teaches you how to remain poised and relaxed in your ordinary life. Many people—such as M.P.s, journalists, professional and public men, bring disorders on themselves by being too tense throughout their daily activities. Details from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Road, W.11. Tel.: PARk 7222.

TRAINING given in Singing and Drama at Stagecraft Centre, 10-11 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Prof. engagements to follow.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing—Leschetizky Method. Tonya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

EXAMINATIONS

THE Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants. December, 1953, Examinations. The half-yearly Preliminary, Intermediate and Final Examinations will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8, 9 and 10, in Aberdeen, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield, and at such other centres, if any, as circumstances may warrant. Entries must be received before Oct. 1, 1953, at offices of the Assocn., 22, Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1.

PERSONAL

RETIRED Teacher would baby-sit, type or teach in part return for private room near central London. Box 1474.

ITALY/S. France: 2 car seats, unlim. lugg.; early middle Sept. Return 3 weeks. Destination to choice: 2-3 days' journey each way: cost less than 2nd cl. rly. Box 1412.

MUST perfect French conversation fast; who can do lunch times, West End? Box 1460.

DID you know you can rent a villa or flat in the French Riviera for 2 to 4 weeks? Cost from £3 a week a head. Details from Mulves, 51 Cannicarde Gdns., W.2.

BARCELONA. Delightfully situated furn. flat to let, £16 monthly. Mrs. M. C. Dennes, 15 College Gardens, Belfast.

REMUNERATION & probably congenial settlement to homely domesticated widow or spinster as housekeeper companion to elderly Quaker. West Country coast. Box 1399.

RESEARCH worker (psychol.) offers English conversation in exchange for German or Russian. Box 1016.

BUSINESS man visits U.S. Zone of Germany at frequent intervals, undertakes commissions, research, etc. Box 1027.

JOHN Vickers—Photographer of many of Britain's great personalities, welcomes those who usually dislike being photographed. 29b Belgrave Rd., London, S.W.1. Tel. VICtoria 4915.

PERSONAL—continued

SEE Yugoslavia. We still have a few seats available for the most comprehensive conducted Grand 16-day Coach Tour, visiting Bled, Zagreb, Belgrade, Sarajevo, Mostar, Dubrovnik, Split, Opatija, Ljubljana. Departures: Sept. 19, Oct. 3—49gns. Write, 'phone or call for free illus. brochure. See Yugoslavia, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1 (MUS. 9351-2); 50-51, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (CHA. 4627-8).

LATE holiday? You are still in time for sunshine and a gay holiday if you join one of our September parties to Italy, Austria, South of France, Majorca, Eire or Cornwall. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.), Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

GOING to Spain? Cedric Salter's "Introducing Spain" (Methuen 18s.) will tell you all you want to know. Ask to see it at your local bookseller's.

WANTED urgently: "Children Who Lived in a Barn," by Eleanor Graham, published Routledge 1938. Box 1491.

ADVENTUROUS girl companion sought—20's—interested in the Arts and not adverse to horses, to share home and pursuits of advertiser, including modest commercial enterprise, and later travel to British Columbia if so desiring. Reply: Stephanie Ackroyd, King's House, Islip, Nr. Oxford.

EVENING secretarial, advertising and literary services. Competence and speed. Contact GRO. 7795 after 6.30 p.m.

WOMAN, 61, living alone on North Downs, because husband indefinitely in hospital, wd. like woman companion, vegetarian, pref. Esperantist, to share her home. Box 1370.

SMALL Choir singers welcomed by the Nonsuch Singers. Preferably experienced in this kind of work—but, please, readers to some extent. Special red carpet for tenors. Also pianist-singer. Byrd, Bach, and (we hope) moderns. Starting September, Tuesdays, Russell Square area. Write: R. V. Smith, Flat A, 10 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3.

HOTELS, Schools, Pensions: have you any accommodation to offer for parties of professional people? (Minimum 12, maximum 80.) Christmas, Easter, Whitsun, or weekends all through the season. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.), Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

VENICE Festival. Our small parties spend four days in the city. Also visit Genoa, Florence & Dolomites. 15 days 49gns. Escorted throughout. Independent & escorted tours all countries. Allways Travel Serv., 17 Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

THE child in difficulties at school is often greatly helped by having a period of individual tuition in which he can come upon someone's understanding, interest and approval. Specialist for those who are backward readers, etc. Elsa Boyd, 7 Weech Road, N.W.6. HAMpstead 2551.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D 191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

EXTERNAL students' conference on plans & progress: see "Lecture Crses."

WRITE about "You"—and increase your income. Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Waverttree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

P.S. For the coming winter season Harold Ingham is concentrating on a very few economical ski parties in Austria and Switzerland. Apply for programme (in preparation) to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "N. S. & N." almost complete series 1932-1952, offers; Painting by Lord Methuen, cheap; Russian Linguaphone, £5, offers; Dachshund Dog Puppies, many Champions in Pedigree, born on our Norfolk Turkey Farm, ready, 6gns. each.

WANTED: Hungarian-English or Hungarian-German Technical Dictionary; "Scrutiny"—student urgently requires back numbers, pre-1946; Handbook Marxism; Trotsky's History; French Linguaphone Course; Bendix Washing Machine; Artesse 4x Stove.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 242 and 243

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